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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—WITH SIR BINDON BLOOD'S FORCE: A NIGHT ATTACK ON THE CAMP AT NAWAGAI—THE LAST RUSH BY 4000 GHAZIS AT DAYBREAK.

From a Sketch by Captain E. Hecatt, Queen's Own.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Now that the Christ's Hospital boys are going to Horsham, it is to be hoped they will no longer be dressed in feminine apparel. The hideous dress has been defended upon two grounds; one, that if it were not so hideous and so obviously the badge of charity, persons of good means (who find it comparatively easy to get nominations) would send their sons to the Bluecoat School; and the other, that such a dress, by at once identifying the wearer, prevents him from getting into mischief in wicked London. As to reason No. 1, it may or may not exist, but it is surely easier to take precautions against jobbery and backstairs influence than it used to be. As to No. 2, the attire that was just endurable in Newgate Street—where to watch the poor petticoated lads at their games was enough to give one who understood what an outdoor game should be, the heartache—is not to be thought of in the country. It would be an insult to the woods and fields. Think of that heavy gown in the summer heat, or of the bare head inviting sunstroke in the hayfield! If it were wholesome—and, of course, there are persons found to say so—would not our sanitary friends (who stick at nothing for their health's sake) have long ago discarded headgear and adopted the petticoat? There is, indeed, nothing to be said for the continuance of such a clumsy and degrading costume, except its antiquity. Some of the most cultivated and graceful-minded men I have ever known have been Christ's Hospital boys, but I have never heard them speak of their old school, as other public-school boys are wont to do; they are nervously eager to ignore their yellow-stockinged days, and no wonder. Nobody knows except themselves (and they are not likely to reveal the secret) what becomes of Bluecoat boys. This fact did not escape the notice of Sydney Smith—

At a very early age young Quakers disappear, at a very early age the Bluecoat boys are seen; at the age of seventeen or eighteen young Quakers are again seen, at the same age the Bluecoat boys disappear. Who has ever heard of a Bluecoat man? The thing is utterly unknown in natural history. Upon what other evidence does the migration of the grub into the aurelia rest? Dissection would throw great light upon this question; and if our friend would receive two boys into his house about the time of their changing their coats, great service would be rendered to science.

There is a delightful correspondence between the witty Canon and Lady Morley upon this subject.

Amazing as it may seem, a new victim has been found for the confidence trick. It has been played in all ages and all places (except, perhaps, the Ark, into which strangers were not admitted), and one would have thought was by this time a snare too open to be set for any bird. There is probably some attraction about it for genial natures, which we are too sophisticated to understand: the transaction, one observes, is always preceded by a drink at the expense of the rogues, which no doubt warms the heart of their prey and inclines it to a generous and grateful trust. The latest example is interesting as having evoked a moral maxim not inferior to that for which we are indebted to the Tichborne Claimant. "If people are taken in," observed the greater of the two scoundrels, "it serves them right. They have got a bit and want more. We have nothing and try to get what they have." These words should be written in letters of brass and inscribed over every thieves' lodging-house.

The Burglar's Progress on the road to refinement, to which I have ventured to draw public attention, is proceeding most satisfactorily. In Bloomsbury the other night a lady, being awakened by a noise, opened the door, to be confronted by an utter stranger. The position was so entirely novel that the conventions of society were lost sight of. The only remark—abrupt and inquisitive it must be confessed—that occurred to her was "Who are you?" With equal frankness he replied, "I am a burglar!" Then, perceiving that this failed to put her at her ease, he added, "but a very quiet one." The entrance of the police put an end to what promised to be a very interesting description of his character and methods of procedure. But he never wavered in his assertion. "In order to make no noise," he told his captors, "I have left my boots in the coal-cellar." In how few other classes would this consideration for others be exhibited! One regrets to say, however, that, though still admitting that he was a burglar, he afterwards declared that he was "not a professional one." This somewhat detracts from the conclusion one would have liked to draw as regards his calling. He may have been a dancing-master, or in the diplomatic service, and unable, on taking up a new kind of business, to get rid—in his first job—of his old habits of politeness and conciliation.

It is said that the evidence produced at the trial of the King of Benin will not be made public. One hopes that this attempt to burke inquiry will not be allowed to succeed, though it is already only too clear that public interest in the matter is dying out. That another savage—and such a savage!—should be added to our pension-list is nothing less than disgraceful. What we are asked to believe is that the King's orders to his men were simply "to watch the white visitors and see that they did not do anything against the interests of his people." Conceive this bloodthirsty miscreant issuing such a "minute," which might have been composed by our own Foreign

Office! This delicate suggestion was, we are told, ignored by the powerful chiefs who instigated the massacre. This is incredible. The Benin chiefs knew better than to disobey their sovereign, whose promptness (when bloodshed was in question) was proverbial. If, conscious of guilt, the wretch had not attempted to escape the other day, it is stated that he would have been re-established at Benin, "where his influence would have been utilised to further British trade." One would really like to know who is responsible for this shameful miscarriage of justice.

About twenty years ago or so, an incident of fraudulent sagacity took place in my immediate neighbourhood, which, not on that account, however, but by reason of its excessive audacity, has always struck me as the highest effort in this line of business. It was vouched for by Canon Duckworth, with whom, indeed, it had an indirect connection. He had been calling at the house of a parishioner, where a sick child was dying of diphtheria; and within an hour of his departure a man presented himself as a medical practitioner and the Canon's brother, sent by him to give his assistance. "The parents had already sent an alarm for their own medical attendant, who had been in charge of the case from the first," writes the Canon, "but as their child was apparently sinking fast, they eagerly welcomed this fresh and unexpected help, and at once introduced the strange doctor to the little patient's room. There he remained from half-past one till six o'clock, little criticised at a time of such anxiety, meeting two of our local practitioners in consultation, and passing muster even with them in spite of his unprofessional bearing and conduct. He had a certain amount of medical terminology at his command, and showed an edifying objection to the administration of stimulants. He spoke familiarly of myself and of my brother, Dr. Dyce Duckworth, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, as his elder brothers. His post, he declared, was that of house-surgeon to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. He had just heard of my friend's distress, he said, while lunching at my house, and had hurried at my request to save his dying child, if possible. As the hour of death drew near, he knelt beside his patient, took a Prayer-book from his pocket, and devoutly offered the commendatory prayer. He then stole quietly down to the dining-room, made a solitary but hearty meal, abstracted twenty-five shillings from the mantelshelf, and decamped."

What made the case more amazing, it was discovered that earlier in the afternoon he had visited a ladies' school (the adjoining house), and there played the rôle of solicitor sent by the Lord Chancellor to make preliminary arrangements for the admission of two wards in Chancery. While there he overheard the maid-servant from next door making eager inquiries for the address of a neighbouring doctor, and telling of the fatal change which had set in. Whereupon "he promptly abandoned the legal for the medical profession." But what a "quick change," and how admirably (though disgracefully) performed! His objection to the use of stimulants seems a very fine touch indeed, and could only have been suggested by true dramatic feeling. One constantly hears the weak remark that if a rogue had only employed his talent in a right direction he would have made his fortune, whereas there is a special cleverness only useful for roguery, as there is for games; but this man one cannot but suppose must have possessed great elements of success in other fields than those of fraud. What promptness, what versatility, what audacity!—"the *toujours l'audace!*" which is the very key of fortune.

Some people say that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, such as kisses, for instance. A Teutonic lover was so rash as to affirm the other day that the epistolary phrase of "ten thousand" of them was not a mere rhetorical flourish, but could be easily administered to willing lips in a day of ten hours. A professor acquainted with the science of numbers doubted this, whereupon a wager was made, with the consent of the enthusiast's beloved object, and the feat undertaken. The young gentleman seems to have got on capitally at first, no less than two thousand having been printed off in the first hour, but only one thousand was compassed in the second, and in the third, at the seven hundred and fiftieth kiss, the operator's mouth became paralysed. This should put an end to a good many exaggerated statements upon the subject, chiefly made by poets. There seems to have been no attempt to revive the gentleman's jaded energies by a change of lips. What relays might have done (as in the old posting days with "a fresh pair") it is impossible to say, but the experiment was not tried. Medical science in the last century was much in favour of kissing, and regarded it as by no means an exhausting process. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote, "The Valetudinarian's Guide," seems to have despised all the remedies of Bath in comparison with it. "I am myself," he says, "turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in body and in mind, yet always having partaken of the breath of young women, wherever it lay in my way, I feel none of the infirmities which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city [Bath] of sickness, by men many years younger than myself." But, perhaps, though he often partook of the remedy, his doses were moderate.

I am mistaken, I am glad to find, in thinking that there would be so much difficulty in founding a novel-library for agriculturists. A clergyman's wife writes me: "When I took our village library in hand I found it chiefly consisted of lives of Luther and Wyclif, varied by 'Ministering Children' and 'The Wide, Wide World.' There were, moreover, only two subscribers to it. Now we have more than a hundred. The favourite authors with Hodge are Charles Reade (easily first), Dickens, Stanley Weyman, Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Harrison Ainsworth, Marryat, Kingston, and Ballantyne. Mrs. and Miss Hodge prefer Mrs. Henry Wood, author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' Rosa N. Carey, Miss Yonge, and R. D. Blackmore."

Though (through the neglect of various Governments) I am not myself a Baronet, I am in sympathy with their order and its wrongs. As to the particular slight that has been recently put upon them in making the offspring of life peers "honourables," I feel no great distress of mind. The worst that could happen is that some of them may go into dinner a little later than they used to do: if they had to be helped later, their irritation would be more explicable. But I do hope that the "powerful committee" which has been formed to look after their interests will go into the matter thoroughly. There is something Gilbertian about the Baronets which prevents their injuries being seriously considered. The melodramatic device of "the bloody hand" has been too great a temptation, perhaps, for the humorist; but they have really a good deal to complain of. Why is it that in fiction Baronets are found so much more often than their numbers warrant playing the villain? Sir Hubert Stanley ("praise for Sir Hubert Stanley was praise indeed") is an exception, but he only proves the rule, and that not in a very desirable fashion. Why should they be depicted "bold and bad" more than any other class of her Majesty's subjects? Why should they always hate their youthful heirs and compass their destruction? Why tear up registers in order that they may commit bigamy with impunity? My personal knowledge of fiction, if of nothing else, is extensive and peculiar, and I can witness that nine-tenths of the Baronets described in it are villains of the deepest dye. I know several living members of the order who would shrink from, I don't say murder or forgery, but from almost any offence against the law. The prejudice which novelists have taken against them is most monstrous and unfounded, and it is very much to their credit that, finding themselves so continually misrepresented, they have not given up the idea of respectability altogether and gone in for enjoying themselves. Let us hope that the promised meeting of their representatives will go into this matter and put themselves right with the novel-reading public, whose ear has been so long abused.

Of the Transvaal, the Cape, and the parts adjoining, we have of late years had a whole library of books—most of them controversial, some of them (such as Mr. Rider Haggard's) romantic, and many merely descriptive of colonial life. In "Jan, an Afrikaner" we have a novelty, a mixture of the two last, which at the same time never loses hold of the link that binds the settler to England. Reginald Carson has come to Port Elizabeth to find traces of an uncle who left home for the colony twenty-seven years ago, and has not been heard of for twenty-five. It is an unselfish quest, for, if found, this relative will succeed to a large estate which would otherwise revert to Reginald. He was a ne'er-do-well, and not likely to have improved in the meantime. As a matter of fact he is dead, and has left behind him a Kaffir wife and family, the elder son, Jan, being, to look at, however, a European—

Where the two races intermarry, it is most curious how the difference shows itself. One child in a family will be quite white, and its brother or sister coal black, and so on for generations afterwards. The coloured blood never seems to be eliminated once it is introduced. Sometimes, in a family which has quite forgotten its once dark-skinned ancestor, a member will suddenly appear who is a most unpleasant reminder.

Jan is a Hercules and splendidly handsome, and only to the practised eye shows symptoms of being "off colour." His eyes when excited betray him, the arch at the base of the finger-nail has a blue tinge instead of being white. It is with the differences of black and white people, however, under the skin with which the novel deals, and in a most masterly fashion. The shock to Reginald upon discovering his cousin (who has treated him with great kindness and hospitality) with Kaffir brothers and sisters is severe. Jan has become by the death of his English grandfather a Baronet, which adds (rather humorously) to Reginald's regret; but what is much more serious, he suspects him of having committed a murder. The cause of this was a Miss Lisle, who had come over from England for a few months, but long enough for Jan to fall in love with her. He had a rival in a young Dutchman, who revealed to her that Jan was Kaffir-bred, and even introduced her to his mother. This cost the Dutchman his life. Presently, when Jan has been induced to take his title and return with his cousin to England, he there meets again with this girl, with results exciting enough, but which we must leave to be related by the author. The novel has great interest, but quite independently of its stirring story its pictures of South African life are graphic and attractive in the highest degree.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The operations of General Sir William Lockhart's considerable military force advancing over several rugged hill-ranges into Tirah, the heart of the Afridi tribes' country, have been promptly executed with complete success. Our reports in the middle of last week left the headquarters of the British Indian Army at Karappa, in the Khanki Valley, seven or eight miles south of the Sanpacha Pass, having on Monday, Oct. 25, forced its way into that valley by the Dargai Pass, over the Samana hill-range at the summit of Chagru Kotal, where two previous conflicts had taken place on the 18th and 20th of last month, in which the Gordon Highlanders particularly distinguished themselves. The advanced brigades, on the north side of the Khanki Valley across the river, at Khangarbur, Ramadan, and Ghundaki, were reconnoitring five or six miles beyond up to the foot of the Sanpacha Pass, and foraging for supplies to serve the intended movement of the main force, occasionally repelling detached parties of the enemy, which were hanging around the British camps and "sniping" or shooting at the outposts. On Thursday, the 28th, General Symons, with the First Division, advanced and seized the heights commanding the entrance to the Sanpacha Pass, while Sir William Lockhart moved the greater part of his forces to Ghundaki, clearing the hills right and left; great numbers of the enemy were seen gathering on the spurs of the mountain-range in front, on the east and west side of the pass.

On Friday the pass was entered by General Gaselee's Brigade, supported by that of General Westmacott, with the Devonshire Regiment in flank. The Queen's Regiment led, with the Gordon Highlanders, pressing forward to the very summit. The supporting brigade was led by the 36th Sikhs, flanked by the 4th Gurkhas on the hill to the left, and by the 3rd Sikhs on the hill to the right; while the artillery, at a range of nearly one mile, concentrated the fire of several field-batteries upon the "sangars," or redoubts and ramparts, constructed of loose stones, held by the enemy, who were quickly driven out. This work began at half-past seven in the morning, and when the first ridge had been passed, the Queen's Regiment and Gordon Highlanders with the Gurkhas, fixing bayonets, forced their way through masses of the enemy over the second ridge; and then, aided by two batteries firing on the highest crest of the pass, gained the summit at half-past ten o'clock. The loss on our side was only four killed and twenty wounded; one killed was Captain F. de Butts, of the Bombay Artillery. Sir William Lockhart's army then descended into the valley of the Mastura river, a beautiful, fertile, and populous region, from which the villagers hastily fled. On Sunday, passing out of the Mastura Valley at its upper end, to the north-west, he captured the Arhanga Pass with little resistance, and came down by the Kula Khel district into Tirah; he occupies the Maidan territory, where he will await commissariat supplies, while road-making also is needful. The country is well cultivated, with frequent walnut groves. Most of the Afridi warriors have now gone eastward to Bara, thirty or forty miles distant, to oppose the Division of British Indian forces approaching direct from Peshawar; but a speedy submission of all the tribes in Tirah may be expected to ensue, and no severities will be practised there. Several Illustrations of past incidents are now presented to our readers. One is from a photograph of the officers of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment. The late campaign of the Malakand punitive force, under Sir Bindon Blood, is also further illustrated by a sketch of the 35th Sikhs fighting with the Mamunds on the hill of Shahai-Tangi, and the attack on the camp at Nawagai.

THE SOUDAN.

Our Special Artist's sketches of the places along the Nubian banks of the Nile successively occupied by the Egyptian Army under the command of General Sir Herbert Kitchener, and of the lively, sometimes comical, figures and groups of the native people inhabiting oases or patches of the Desert capable of being cultivated, are characteristic and not the less interesting for having been drawn long before the date of our most recent news. The camp at Merawe is at a great distance from Berber, the present headquarters of the military expedition, which has pushed on its advance to the Atbara under General Hunter, and which now brings its supplies and reinforcements by a direct line of railway from a river-port within easy reach of Upper Egypt.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Within a few days the inauguration of the new Lord Mayor will have come and gone, the show will have passed by, and the City of London will have committed itself for a year to the keeping of Mr. Horatio David Davies. Mr. Davies was born in 1842, and was educated at Dulwich College. For many years he was an enthusiastic Volunteer, ultimately becoming Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery. In 1889 he unsuccessfully contested Rochester in the interests of Conservatism. He was elected in 1892, but was unseated on petition. Three years later he was returned for Chatham, for which he still sits. His connection with City politics is of old standing. In 1885 he was elected a Common Councillor, and four years later



Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, MR. ALDERMAN DAVIES.

he attained the rank of Alderman, and he has served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and is a Lieutenant for the City of London. He has twice been Master of the Spectacle-Makers' Company, and is a member of the Shipwrights, while he has interested himself specially in asylums. Mr. Davies has a charming old house, Wateringbury Place, near Maidstone; though when Parliament is sitting he is compelled to take up house at the Hotel Métropole. His mansion, which dates from 1707, is full of pictures, and old silver. In his collection, Leighton, Leader, Reynolds, Opie, Wilkie, Morland, Turner, Romney, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Rosa Bonheur, and Bouguereau are represented; while his silver includes a



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

MR. SHERIFF DEWAR.



Photo A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF GREEN.

porringer of Charles II. and a coffee-pot of William and Mary. The Mayor's show, if not so elaborate as usual, will parade a greater number of streets. It will contain only three cars—namely, models of the battle-ship *Minerva* of 1837 and of 1897. A sports car will emblemise a strong characteristic of our race. Mr. Davies has invited to the banquet all those who were present at the civic board in 1837. One of his guests will be Mrs. Wheeler, of South Wimbledon, who was present with her husband, a Common Councillor, at the banquet of 1837. She is now eighty-five.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

TWO CHINESE PLAYS: "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," AT THE LYRIC.

It is long since anything quite so daring has been offered to London playgoers as the two plays of Chinese life in San Francisco which have been exciting stageland for the last few weeks. The story which they tell, and which is told about them, is almost equally thrilling. Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, who knows every inch of Chinatown, wrote a series of stories dealing with the Heathen Chinese. An actor, Mr. Francis Powers, adapted one of them, "The First Born," and produced it at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco last May. Its verisimilitude made it a success. Then the original author, Mr. Fernald, dramatised another story, "The Cat and the Cherub," and produced it at New York. The question was which play should be seen in London first. Both original companies crossed across the Atlantic. "The Cat and the Cherub" troupe, landing at Southampton on Oct. 28, appeared at the Lyric Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. Horace Sedger, on Oct. 30. "The First Born," introduced by Mr. Charles Frohman, managed to come into Liverpool on Oct. 30, and opened at the Globe Theatre on Nov. 1, so that, so far as London was concerned, "The First Born" was the last born. Both plays centre round the domestic side of Chinatown and the kidnapping of children. In "The Cat and the Cherub," Hoo-Chee, the little son of Hoo-King, the rich merchant, is stolen by a blackguardly opium-den keeper, Chim-Fang, who wishes to marry the merchant's niece, Ah-Yoi, and to get a money reward for restoring the child. He is tracked by the girl's lover, Wing-Sun-Louey (the son of the learned doctor, Wing-Shee), who is stabbed dead by the kidnapper when in the act of rescuing the cherub. The learned doctor, the sort of *deus ex machina* of the play, with almost diabolical cunning, suspects Chim-Fang, and descending to one of the opium-keeper's dungeons, finds the child. Then he argues that the kidnapper was also the murderer of his own son. On New Year's night he induces Chim-Fang to chat with him on a bench in front of the merchant's house, and following the device in "Hamlet," begins to tell the kidnapper the story of the theft and the murder. Suddenly he stuns Chim-Fang with a hatchet, and then proceeds with the coolest deliberation to strangle him with his pigtail. At that moment the foot of a policeman (the "street god") is heard. The doctor props up the corpse beside him on the bench, lights a cigar, and goes on talking to the dead man, while the law passes by unsuspectingly. When the "street-god" has gone out of sight the doctor rises and moves off, while the corpse, relieved of its prop, tumbles with a dull thud into the empty street as the curtain slowly descends. This fine theatrical effect electrified the house. "The Cat and the Cherub" is unmistakably powerful. It is full of quaint turns of philosophy, and though opening in a somewhat dull way, its interest accumulates from point to point. It is capably acted by a company entirely American, save for Mr. Volpe, and the little girl who appears as the child presents a remarkably pathetic figure as she clasps her little black kitten to her breast as if all life depended on it.

"THE FIRST BORN," AT THE GLOBE.

"The First Born" is the last, not merely in point of time in production in London, but also in merit. One would have expected that an actor would have been able to make a better stage play of a story than the actual writer of the story. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fernald is infinitely superior to Mr. Powers as a playwright. There is a greater palaver about "atmosphere" in "The First Born" than in "The Cat and the Cherub"; but it is diffuse; it is melodramatic; it is padded with "variety" business, and altogether failed to grip the house as its forerunner did. The story itself, once you disentangle it, is quite simple. Man-Low-Yek, the rich merchant, tiring of his wife, Loey-Tsing, sold her into slavery, and stole the wife of Chan-Wang. The latter's little boy, Chan-Toy, was kidnapped by his mother, and was killed in the struggle that ensued on his rescue by Chan-Wang. Loey-Tsing and Chan-Wang had thus many a grudge against the rich man, and the woman played on Chan's instincts for revenge. Ultimately Chan murders his enemy in the same way as the avenger in "The Cat and the Cherub," but instead of walking off after the policeman passes, goes on smoking his pipe. Miss May Buckley greatly distinguished herself as Loey-Tsing, chanting a weird song from a window as she works on the feelings of Chan; but as a whole the acting does not shine when compared with the Lyric production.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Sketches by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.

Madhu Khan.

Narikh Ridge.

Dargal.

Kharai.

Shahbaz.

Advanced Camp,
Gurkhas.

Samana Ridge.



THE ARROW SHOWS THE LINE OF BRITISH ADVANCE.

WITH THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE: VIEW FROM A SPOT NEAR THE CHAGRU KOTAL.



THE "KHAN SAHIB" HAS HIS HAIR CUT WITH THE CLIPPERS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.



WITH GENERAL YEATMAN HIGGS'S DIVISION: CAMP OF THE 1ST BATTALION 3RD GURKHA RIFLES AND 18TH BENGAL LANCERS AT SHINOWRIE.

PERSONAL.

The seat in the High Court vacated by Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams's appointment to the Court of Appeal has been assigned to Mr. Arthur Mosley Channell, Q.C. Mr. Channell is the son of the famous Baron Channell of the Exchequer, the repute of whose learning is not so wide as that of the anecdote about the "Chops of the Channel." The new Judge served a sort of apprenticeship to the Bench by acting as honorary secretary to his father, and "devil-ing" for famous lawyers like Chief Justice Bovill and Mr. Justice Day. At Harrow and Cambridge he was distinguished as an athlete, and in later life he has nourished a passion for yachting. Sports and pastimes are not incompatible with a profound knowledge of law, and Mr. Justice Channell is admitted by his legal competitors to be one of the best lawyers of his time.

Mr. Charles John Darling, Q.C., M.P., who has been appointed a Justice of the High Court, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Darling, of Langham Hall, Essex, and was born in 1849. After a private education he was called to the Bar in 1874, took silk in 1885, was elected a Benchman at the Inner Temple in 1892, and became a Commissioner of Assize for the Oxford Circuit in 1896. He unsuccessfully contested South Hackney in both 1885 and 1886 as an opponent of Sir Charles (now Lord Chief Justice) Russell; but he has sat for Deptford since 1888. He is the author of "Scintillae Juris" and of "Meditations in the Tea-Room," and his favourite pastime is horsemanship. He married, in 1885, Mary Caroline, daughter of Major-General Wilberforce Greathead, C.B., R.E.

Mr. Justice Darling has written a very pleasant letter of farewell to his constituents at Deptford on his elevation to the Bench. "Henceforth," he says, "I dissociate myself entirely from even the shadow of party politics." That resolve is emphatic enough for anybody, and it is hardly less than an heroic one, for few men have enjoyed the combat so heartily as the new Judge has. Better known in the House of Commons than in the Courts, he now quits the field in which his greatest triumphs have been won.

Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams has gone up to the Court of Appeal in the place of Lord Ludlow, resigned. Sir Rowland Bowdler Vaughan Williams is a son of the late Sir Edward Vaughan Williams, some time a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born in 1838; he was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1860; he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1864, and took silk in 1889. A year later he was appointed a Judge, and his subsequent work in the Companies Winding-Up Court, under the Act of 1890, is well known. The new Lord Justice married, in 1865, Laura Susannah, daughter of Mr. Edmund Lomax, of Netley, Surrey.

The sudden death of Mr. Henry George, in the midst of his electoral campaign for the mayoralty of New York, has produced a feeling of regret in which even his strongest opponents share. Mr. George died at his hotel in New York at five o'clock on Friday morning, having retired to bed apparently well on the previous night after a long day of speech-making. The excitement and worry of the contest had been too much for the not very strong condition of his heart. Henry George, who was born in Philadelphia in 1839, and was for some time a sailor and then a compositor, found himself, while still young, a State Inspector of Gas-Meters in California. A reckless fashion of granting public lands to private individuals was said to be here observed by Mr. George, who henceforth became the tried apostle of State ownership, or "land nationalisation." In 1879 his work on "Progress and Poverty" created a

sensation such as few pamphlets—it was hardly more than a pamphlet—have ever made. In England it sold by hundreds of thousands in a cheap edition, and it was followed by a book about "Social Problems," in which, as elsewhere, Mr. George appeared as a convert to Free Trade principles. Mr. George was a man whose sterling honesty and unselfishness of character was admitted and admired by those who were most eager to denounce his social theories as unscientific and unsound.

Mr. Henry George was a frequent visitor to England. Generally he came to lecture, and he has held a St. James's Hall audience under the spell of his earnest pleading, delighted with the speaker, whatever may have been their sentiments towards "the single tax," that on land, which was the text of all his teachings. He visited Birmingham, too, and other large English centres, the North of Scotland, and Ireland, where he was as popular as he could expect among a race renowned for "land hunger" and

and he did not live long to enjoy the Barony which crowned his various other distinctions as a K.C.M.G., a G.C.M.G., and a Privy Councillor.

The Rev. William Harrison Davey, Chancellor and Canon of St. David's Cathedral, has been appointed successor to the late Dr. Vaughan as Dean of Llandaff. The new Dean was Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, for a quarter of a century; and he is another illustration of the tendency of promotion in the Welsh Church to go to those who can speak the Welsh language.

The death is announced of Major-General Robert Byng Campbell, C.B., late Commandant of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides. The late General, who received a direct commission in the Indian Army in 1855, served throughout the Mutiny, and, on the recommendation of Sir Hope Grant, he was rewarded by the Victoria Cross for gallantry in action near Lucknow. A little later he served in the various North-West Frontier expeditions—at Kebal, Kail,

Wazire in 1859 and 1860; at Jowaki in 1878 and 1879 in command of the Guides, and elsewhere. For his service in the Afghan War, 1878-80, he was mentioned three times in despatches, and received military promotion, to which was added the Companionship of the Bath in 1887. In 1893 the conferring upon him of the rank of Major-General crowned a career that included no fewer than thirty-five appearances on the field of action.

After a long illness, Mr. Alfred James Caldicott, Mus. Bac., has died at Malvern at the age of fifty-five years. Born in 1842, he became, at the age of ten, a chorister in Worcester Cathedral under Dr. Done, to whom, later, he was articled till 1863, when he left for Leipzig, and studied composition under Hauptmann. When he returned to England and Worcester, he was the chief founder of the Worcester Musical Society. After an interval at Torquay, Mr. Caldicott came to London, returning, however, to Worcester for the moment, to produce at the Musical Festival there, in 1878, his own composition, "The Widow of Nain." Mr. Caldicott composed also many part-songs and glees, as well as cantatas for ladies' voices, such as the "Rhine Legend" and the "Queen of the May," but he was generally considered to be at his best in his more humorous vein, as in "Two Spoons" and "Unless." He composed thirteen operettas for the German Reeds' Entertainments, "Treasure Trove" among the rest. He composed also the incidental music to Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe."

General Sir Richard Harrison, the new Quartermaster-General at the War Office, was born in the year the Queen began to reign. The son of a clergyman, the late Rev. B. J. Harrison, he was educated at Harrow, and early had a strong bent towards the military career upon which he entered in due course. He has served her Majesty in Egypt, South Africa, India, China, Turkey, and Canada. He was appointed Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1886, and Commander of the Western District in 1890, a post he held till 1895. For his various eminent services he has been made a K.C.B. and a C.M.G. Sir Richard married, in 1870, Amy, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel T. O'Brien.

The agitation in Paris for a new trial of Captain Dreyfus continues with fitful energy. One of the prisoner's advocates is a member of the French Senate, who says he will produce his evidence at the proper time. Another is governor of the prison where Dreyfus was confined before his trial. The most curious story is that Dreyfus was offered a chance of escape from his island



Photo Russell and Sons.
MR. JUSTICE CHANNELL.



Photo Russell and Sons.
LORD JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



Photo Whitlock, Birmingham.
MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

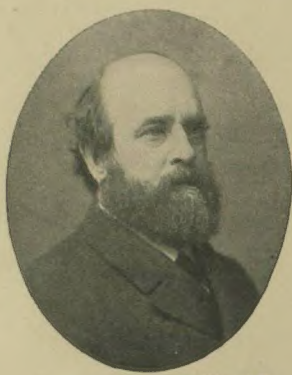


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. HENRY GEORGE.



Photo Bassano.
THE LATE LORD ROSMEAD.



Photo Russell and Sons.
THE VERY REV. W. HARRISON DAVEY.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CAMPBELL, C.B.

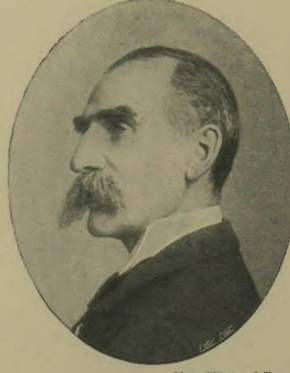


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. A. J. CALDICOTT.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
GENERAL SIR RICHARD HARRISON, K.C.B.

for the love of that private ownership which his system opposed.

Lord Rosmead died on Thursday evening last week at his house in London. Better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, he has enjoyed a long career, varied in its experiences and successes, as a diplomatist, his last achievements in connection with the Jameson Raid having brought him into greater prominence than ever, and having been followed by the bestowal upon him of a peerage. Born in Ireland, he went into the army, but soon left it for the career by which he became so quickly known. In 1859 he was Governor of Hong-Kong, in 1865 of Ceylon, in 1872 of New South Wales. After a short tenure of office as Governor of New Zealand, he became Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner of South Africa, in which capacity he had the difficult task of representing British interests in the settlement arrived at after the battle of Majuba Hill in 1881. Hardly less delicate were his duties when, after a long lapse of time, he was sent back to South Africa in 1895, and had to exert all his efforts against his countrymen's unauthorised incursion into Boer territory. From that mission he returned with health that was obviously failing,

prison, and that he refused to avail himself of it on the ground that it would prejudice his innocence. This is not very rational. To escape from jail is not evidence of guilt. As a free man Dreyfus would be in a far better position to plead his cause.

Surgeon-General Richard Gilborne, J.P., who died last week at the age of seventy-three, was the second son of the late Captain Edward Gilborne, 71st Highland Light Infantry, who served in the Walcheren Expedition, and also throughout the Peninsular War, and was wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. Surgeon-General Gilborne obtained his first commission as Assistant-Surgeon in October 1846. At the commencement of the Crimean War he volunteered for active service, and was attached to the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, and served with that regiment throughout the campaign in Bulgaria, for which he was specially promoted into the 89th (Princess Victoria's) Regiment, with which corps he rendered distinguished service during the siege and fall of Sebastopol and the two assaults on the Redan on June 18 and Sept. 8, for which he was awarded the medal and clasp for Sebastopol and the Turkish medal. The late Surgeon-General served also in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny during the years 1857-59, and further distinguished himself in the pursuit of the rebels under Tantia Topee, and in the campaigns in Rajpootana and Central India, for which services he received the Indian Mutiny medal. From 1876-79 he was Principal Medical Officer in China, and was afterwards Surgeon-General to the Bombay Presidency and at Aldershot.

The Hon. Henry Cavendish, who has just died of fever at Rawal Pindi, India, was the eldest son of Lord Waterpark, and was only twenty-two years of age. He was educated at Harrow, gazetted to the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade in 1895, and left England in January 1896 to join his regiment, which formed part of the Tochi Field Force. In July he marched from Rawal Pindi to Sheranni, and a month later was prostrated by the attack of fever and dysentery which has ended in his regretted death.

The name of another Mr. Cavendish, a cousin of the Duke

the search for Sir John Franklin. There is now very little doubt that Andrée and his companions have perished, but there is still a mystery, and while there is mystery there is hope.

On another page will be found some account of the widespread mourning for the popular Duchess of Teck,



THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.

From a Photograph by Lombardi, taken about the time of her snappings.

whose gracious personality will long be held in affectionate regard by all classes of society; but we here reproduce a very charming portrait of her Royal Highness, taken about the time of her marriage, and a reminiscence of her appearance in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Procession. Princess Mary on that occasion occupied the twelfth royal carriage, and the plaudits which greeted her as the pro-

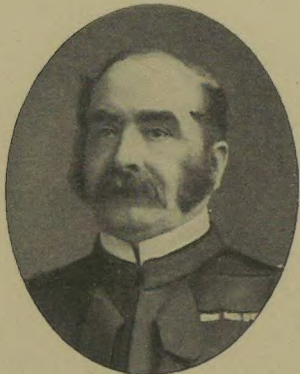
HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, received the Duke of Richmond and Gordon as her guest from Oct. 26 to Friday. At the sad news of the death of her cousin, the Duchess of Teck, on the Wednesday, the Queen's deep regret was publicly expressed, with a testimony that "the Duchess was universally beloved for her kindness and goodness." Her Majesty commanded that the burial should take place in the Albert Chapel of St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

The Barnsley election resulted at the polling on Thursday, Oct. 28, in the return of Mr. Joseph Walton, the Liberal candidate, by 6744 votes, against 3454 for Captain James Blyth, the Conservative, and 1091 for Mr. Pete Curran, the "Independent" democrat. In the Middleton Division of Lancashire Mr. Mitchell, Conservative, is opposed by Mr. Duckworth. At Deptford Mr. A. H. Morton is the Conservative and Mr. J. Williams Benn the Radical candidate.

Alderman Sir George Faudel-Phillips, the retiring Lord Mayor of London, delivered on Oct. 28 his farewell address to the Court of Common Council. The honour of Grand Cross of the Order of the Indian Empire has been conferred upon him for his exertions in raising the Indian Famine Relief Fund.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Employers' Federation replied to the Board of Trade invitation that they should confer upon the subjects of dispute; but they both required large modifications of the proposed conditions. The working engineers demanded that the employers should at once withdraw their lock-out notices, the men also withdrawing their strike notices, before going into a conference. Whether the eight hours a day question should be considered was another preliminary point upon which they could not agree; the employers said that they could not reduce the number of working hours in the face of increasing keen foreign competition. Many additional firms of engineers, at Preston and Bolton and other towns, have joined the Employers' Federation. The Amalgamated Society has spent £250,000

Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SURGEON-GENERAL RICHARD GILBORNE.Photo Winter, Derby.
THE LATE HON. HENRY CAVENDISH.Photo Hamer, Plymouth.
THE LATE COLONEL CHARD, V.C.Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT GEORGE DUFFEY.

of Devonshire, has been heard this week on the tongues of men who love the spirit of adventure and of valour. Mr. H. Cavendish, who is our youngest African explorer, has just returned from Somaliland and British East Africa. With him, when he went to Mombasa by the Uganda road, were his friend Lieutenant Andrews, eighty-four armed Somalis, and one hundred and fifty camels. An Abyssinian force was at one part a danger to be avoided; but a wounded elephant proved to be the most formidable enemy of all. The maddened animal was running straight at Mr. Cavendish when his gun failed him, and he had to take to his heels and run. But the elephant ran faster, caught the fugitive, and flung him with his tusks underneath his body, to crush him to death. For half an hour he kept his prisoner in this press, then got up, and kicking a log of wood, which he seemed to think was his victim's dead body, he made off. Strange to say, Mr. Cavendish, though covered with blood, had no bones broken, and he was able to pursue his journey with tolerable comfort. Among the successes of the expedition were certain additions to the map, which the intrepid traveller's investigations permitted him to make.

The death of Colonel Chard, V.C., recalls the story of Rorke's Drift. After the disaster at Isandula, where a whole British regiment was annihilated, Colonel Chard, with Lieutenant Bromhead and eighty men, posted behind a barricade of meal-tins, held Rorke's Drift against the attacks of several thousand Zulus. It was one of the most brilliant feats of arms in our military history.

The President of the Dublin Royal College of Physicians, Sir George Duffey, M.D., has received from the Councils of several institutions connected with the professions of medicine and surgery in Ireland, as well as from numerous other friends, expressions of condolence with him and Lady Duffey upon the loss of their elder son, Lieutenant George Duffey, of the 1st Battalion of the West India Regiment, Fort Adjutant at Port Royal, Jamaica. This promising young officer, in his twenty-fifth year, has fallen a victim to yellow fever. He was educated at Charterhouse and at the Sandhurst Royal Military College; he served in the Gambia affair of 1894.

The Swedish Government are organising an expedition in search of Herr Andrée. It has an ominous precedent in

cession-passed on its way may now be sadly recalled as one of the most recent of testimonies to her great popularity.

That there is no bitterness like that which springs from theological divisions, is an ancient bit of human experience; it receives a certain confirmation, in a small way, by an episode enacted at Aberdeen University the other day. Dr. Johnson, the Professor of Biblical Criticism, was lately set aside by the University Court on account of his alleged unmethodical treatment of his subject; and another Professor was appointed in his place. Dr. Johnson, however, appeared in his class-room the other day, and proceeded with a lecture. The undergraduates, delighted

in this dispute, and has now only £50,000 of its funds left, paying away £25,000 weekly to the engineers who have stopped working. There are, including other classes of workmen, altogether 83,000 now standing idle, who are supported at a weekly cost of £36,000, none receiving above 15s. a week.

The Czar Nicholas II. and the Empress of Russia have arrived at St. Petersburg on their return from Germany.

King Humbert of Italy being this week at Monza, near Milan, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, pays a visit to his Majesty there, meeting the Italian Ministers, the Marquis Rudini, Marquis Visconti-Venosta, and Count Nigra, Ambassador to the Austrian Court.

Negotiations between the British and French Governments on the limits of their respective spheres of influence in the Lower Niger region have been commenced at Paris by Sir Edmund Monson, our Ambassador, with M. Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The separate International Commission, at Washington, of delegates of the United States, Russia, and Japan, upon the regulations for Behring Sea seal-hunting, has agreed to recommend the entire suspension of the practice of killing seals in the open sea. But Great Britain, with Canada, having declined to admit Russia and Japan to the conferences upon this matter, will discuss it apart with the United States Government.

The election of the first Mayor of the recently much enlarged City Corporation of New York, which now includes Brooklyn, and is to manage the municipal affairs of three millions and a half of people, took place on Tuesday, causing great excitement. Since the sudden death of Mr. Henry George, his son, bearing the same name, had been nominated as one of the candidates, instead of the father. The other candidates were Judge Van Wyck, supported by the Tammany Hall Democratic party Association; Mr. Seth Low, representing the Citizens' Union, for the purification of local government and remedy of official corruption; and General Tracy, nominated by the Republican political party. It appears from our latest news on Wednesday morning that Judge Van Wyck has been elected by a majority of at least thirty or forty thousand. More than half a million votes were given at this election.



THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK IN THE DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION.

From a Photograph by Mr. Schultz.

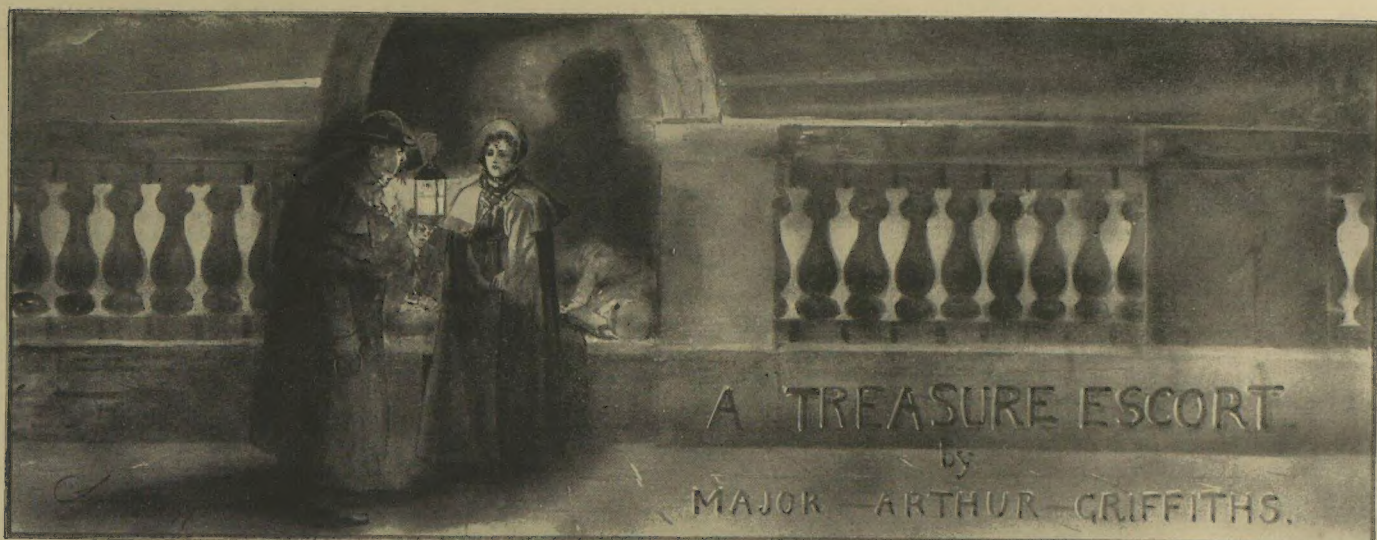
with so congenial an opportunity for uproar, drove him, by their disorder, from the room. When they retired, however, the lecturer returned and gave his address to an almost empty room, or tried to give it. For, ere the end was reached, a brother Professor seized his manuscript, and the unfortunate theologian had finally to retreat.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—SAVING THE GUNS: AN INCIDENT OF THE ACTION OF SEPTEMBER 16.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.L., FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

A Sowar of the 11th Bengal Lancers was the means of bringing aid to General Jeffreys while the force was being hard pressed by the enemy on the night of September 16. He pluckily rode alone under fire with a letter from Major Worlledge to the General, passing through numerous parties of the enemy, and brought back a reply asking for aid. He was thus the means of saving the guns.



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SAUDER.

THE dawn of a February morning in 1829, was breaking pale and wan, with a chill air under flying, drifting clouds, as a young girl, who had come up out of the purlieus of Westminster behind the Sanctuary, approached the river. She was making for the bridge, not the beautiful modern structure, but the old one, with its arches and recesses, which were still encumbered by the waifs and strays of the great city who had sought this comfortless shelter for the night. An ancient watchman, "a Charley," in his rough cloak with many capes, lantern in hand, was rousing out and ejecting these al fresco lodgers, cursing them between the long yawns that showed what his vigilance was worth, and that he himself was but half awake.

Now the girl timidly addressed this feeble guardian, inquiring the road to Woolwich.

"D'ye take me for a sign-post, ye brazen wench," he answered testily, as he lifted his lantern to examine this importunate person more closely. "Who be you, and what brings you out at this hour? Been trapesing the streets? Nay, you be proper and pretty to look at. Woolwich, is it? What takes you there?"

"It is a very urgent matter, Sir; I have not time to explain. Put me in the right road, and the saints will bless you—"

"Foreign, eh? I guessed it from your black sloes of eyes and your soft lisping talk. Well, well, Woolwich, is it? A matter of eight or ten miles by New Cross, Deptford, and Blackheath. Go straight across the bridge, and then by Bermondsey to the Turk's Head at Hatcham, and there you'll strike the Dover Road. It's a long tramp. I misdoubt yer equal to it. Why not take a pair of oars here at the stairs, and drop down with the tide?"

"No, no; I think nothing of ten miles now I'm in the right road, and time presses. Thank you—thank you a thousand times!"

And she pressed on at a rapid pace, almost running in her eagerness to cover the ground and be at her journey's end.

Hers was a momentous—perchance a perilous mission, accepted on the spur of the moment without hesitation, as involving great issues—the fortunes, the fate and future of one most dear to her. She must get to Woolwich that very morning and warn them. A dark, deep plot was being hatched, and she held the clue. The mischief might be prevented, her father saved, if only she could reach Woolwich in good time. Once there, she would make a compact with them, would sell her information; the price should be the rescue of her erring but long-suffering, sorely tried father, whom overwhelming trouble and misfortune had led astray.

Inez Verschoyle, this poorly clad slip of a girl whose dark, handsome face and gracious gliding walk hinted at Southern—possibly Spanish—descent, was of gentle birth: her father an officer of Horse Artillery, who had served through the Peninsular War as a lieutenant in one of the most famous batteries, and was as distinguished as any man who wore "the jacket." But he had been placed on half-pay before the peace for a breach of military discipline he had always strenuously denied, protesting that he was the victim of grievous error. His career had been blasted; nothing prospered with him. He could not live decently on the small pittance, a few shillings a day, all that a grateful country awarded the man who had fought and bled in its service. He had sought other outlets, had tried many employments in civil life, but failed in all. Constantly embarrassed and unable to keep the wolf from the door, put to the most terrible shifts to find bread for his children, medicines and common necessities for his



"That is part of their scheme. Can't you see?" cried Inez, springing to her feet and speaking with hysterical eagerness.

wife (she was a Spanish lady whom he had won at the sword's point by an act of desperate self-sacrifice at the sack of Badajos) he had grown into a soured, discontented, utterly hopeless man.

A gleam of light had, however, fallen across his path a short time before Inez' expedition to Woolwich. He had been caught by its glitter and had followed its direction although baleful and misleading, till now he was committed to a nefarious enterprise from the consequences of which his devoted daughter was trying to save him at the eleventh hour.

How well she remembered the first appearance of the man who had led her father astray! He had come to their poor lodging in a court off the Horseferry Road, calling himself Hiram Edridge, and claiming acquaintance as one who had long been a sympathiser: a greasy-mannered, smug-faced man, in decent clothes, with the self-sufficient air of one well-to-do.

There was no surer way to poor Verschoyle's heart than to take his side against the military authorities, whom he believed had so grievously misused him. Mr. Edridge said he knew all about it. Some of the papers had passed through his hands; he was at that time a confidential clerk in the employ of Cox and Greenwood, the great army agents, and the question had come up before them in reference to certain arrears of pay.

"I am satisfied that you should seek redress. Present a memorial; have the case reopened. They will be bound to right you, to restore you to full pay. If I can be of any use, command me. I am thought to be skilful with my pen."

Verschoyle asked nothing better than to produce his papers, a goodly bundle, frayed and torn, with faded writing, tied up with old red tape that had been often broken and reknotted.

They pored for hours together over the correspondence, drafted and redrafted the memorial, which was duly sent in to the Horse Guards, and in due course answered with the stereotyped words that "the Commander-in-Chief saw no reason to reverse the decision already arrived at in the case of Lieutenant Verschoyle, late R.H.A."

In the fresh access of rage and despair that now overtook the unhappy man, he found a very kindly echo in Edridge. The latter swore roundly that it was the most monstrous piece of injustice ever known, that it should go before Parliament, that Verschoyle was really being robbed and plundered, and was entitled to revenge himself, to make any sort of reprisals.

It was said thoughtlessly, as it seemed, in the heat and fire of indignant talk, but Edridge had deliberately planned the speech as a shot in the air, wondering how Verschoyle would take it.

"How do you mean? What can I do? Rob the mail?" laughed Verschoyle bitterly.

"No, but seriously, consider. What have they robbed you of? The State is the richer by you in some thousands probably, in mere pay alone, to say nothing of the damage to character, the check to your career. The injury has been immense."

"Indeed you are right there."

"Who could blame you if you did turn highwayman, or broke into his Majesty's Pay Office, or laid hands upon a lump of public money wherever you found it?"

"At least I should blame myself," said the old officer with much dignity. "You forget, Mr. Edridge, that I am a gentleman still; a pauper gentleman perhaps, but *noblesse oblige*, and I have eaten the King's salt, worn the King's uniform; I bear the King's commission still."

"To be sure, to be sure. Pray do not think again of what I've said. It was a joke, only a joke; except that I should not blame you, whatever you did, Verschoyle."

The wily rascal said no more just then. He awaited only some better opportunity. It came when the stress of poverty, that winter, brought temptation upon Verschoyle with the pressing insistence that has broken down the most upright principles, the sturdiest honesty, before now. To err is human, and who among us "shall cast the first stone" at the weak nature which yields before such troubles as crushed poor Verschoyle?

The winter set in with great severity. Mrs. Verschoyle, born in a Southern clime, was attacked by bronchitis and nearly died; the children were ill; work at a horse-dealer's (Verschoyle was an admirable judge), which had brought in an occasional guinea or two, failed now, when most required. For days there was nothing, hardly, in the house—no coals, barely bread. Now the specious hints and insinuations of the villain Edridge bore fruit, and Verschoyle, goaded to despair, listened resignedly—at least without anger—to a scheme that was to put him altogether above want.

It was solely with this in view—to seek Verschoyle's aid in an operation which he, or someone like him, could alone make feasible—that Edridge had approached him.

In those days—a survival of worse, years back, when the conveyance of specie had been a hazardous business, and "gentlemen of the road" infested all wild and lonely places—it was still the rule to send cash down to Woolwich under escort. Once a month a clerk from Cox's travelled from Craig's Court in a post-chaise bearing the money to pay the officers and men of the Royal Artillery. The amount was large—sometimes between £7000 and £8000—and the risk at one time was undoubtedly great. The route

lay across Blackheath Common, a locality with a most evil reputation—as bad as that of Hampstead Heath. Special precautions were therefore taken for the safe-conduct of the treasure, and a sergeant's escort of Horse Artillery was invariably detailed to meet the post-chaise en route, generally at the sign of the Green Man, in Blackheath village, and escort it safely into Woolwich.

By 1829 the risk had greatly diminished, if it had not entirely disappeared. But old military institutions are long lived, and as the money still came down by road, the mounted escort was still sent to meet it.

Edridge was fully conversant with all these facts, and had long designed a raid upon the post-chaise and its valuable load. The main difficulty in plotting the operation was to find a confederate who could organise and command a mock escort, which would nominally protect and really carry off the treasure.

"Yes. I could do that, I think," said Verschoyle gloomily. He did not like the business into which hard necessity was driving him. "We should want men, arms, uniforms, horses. It will cost money—"

"I am prepared to advance all necessary funds, to be repaid as a first charge upon the proceeds," Edridge answered. "The men must be sure men, selected by me."

"Do you suppose I should tamper with them? It is as much, even more to my interest that we should succeed. I lose more than you if we fail. But you must find men who can ride, and look like soldiers, not theatrical supers. I must have a veto on your choice. They must be turned out properly; to my satisfaction, I mean. A tigerish lot of tailors would ruin the thing at the very start."

All this Edridge promised.

"There is one point on which I am not clear," went on Verschoyle. "How do you propose to deal with the real escort. Are we to avoid it or forestall it, or to fight it, or what? Not the last, I trust. I do not care to face real horse-guns, good men and true, with my scratch pack, recruited God knows how or where—"

"No fighting, of course," nervously interrupted Edridge. "It's not *my* profession. But I have a very pretty plan."

"You propose to be of the party, then?"

"Why, naturally. It will be necessary to—to—"

"Keep your eye on the money. I understand. Honour among thieves."

Edridge winced a little at this remark, and hastened to assure Verschoyle that he did not distrust him, not in the least.

"But in a job of this kind it is share and share alike. I have my part to play—an important part I think, too. I shall tackle the clerk with the cash—good Mr. Bonsor—a gentleman, with whom I have an old score to settle. We sat at the same desk once, and now he is high up in the office, and I am—well—not quite that."

"There must be no violence, except at the last extremity," sternly observed Verschoyle.

"By no means. Unless he shows fight. But he won't, not good Mr. Bonsor. He is a peaceable man. But dear, dear, how surprised and shocked he will be!"

After this the preparations proceeded apace. The month of February was fixed for the attempt, and Christmas was already at hand. A bare five or six weeks was little enough to get all ready, and in a way to satisfy the exacting and fastidious Lieutenant. Verschoyle had ever been filled with the pride of his calling. He had been noted as one of the smartest subalterns of his day, and the "crack" troop of Horse Artillery in which he served owed much to his punctilious inspections; he never suffered a buckle or a button to be awry; every man and horse paraded before him were always as spick and span as care and polish could make them.

Now, in his criminal decadence, when meditating a deed of guilt, he tried to be as particular as of old, and drove his partner, Edridge, nearly wild with what seemed the merest caprice. But Verschoyle was resolved that his sham soldiers should be as near the right thing as he could bring them. He gave the most minute pains to every detail; secretly bought up second-hand uniforms and accoutrements, got together a fair lot of cast chargers, which were put out at livery in different parts of the town, but were collected to be drilled and got into shape within an enclosure, a vacant yard that Verschoyle had discovered in the outskirts, between Acton and Wormwood Scrubs.

Meanwhile, there was a change for the better in the poor home of Horseferry Road. Money was no longer scarce, food was on the table, port wine and comforts for the sick mother; the doctor came back, for he was now certain of his fees.

And all the time Inez Verschoyle wondered greatly what hidden mystery lay behind this unaccustomed prosperity. She suspected something wrong, and was most unhappy. Her father's long absences, the coming and going of strange, rough men; the delivery of many parcels, the contents of which she sometimes saw, and with increasing uneasiness recognised as parts of an artilleryman's kit—these things filled her with great alarm. Then her father was so changed; he seldom spoke to her, only once when she gently upbraided him he kissed her and patted her hands, saying, "Wait, dear child; wait. It will soon be over. I am engaged in some important matters; when they are ended—it will be very soon now—we shall be rich and happy together."

But chance, a few words overheard, set her to find out more, and she became possessed of the whole shameful secret the very night before the attempt was to be made.

The road to Woolwich this morning as she marched along was long and full of nameless terrors. The traffic moving Londonward, waggons with farm produce, droves of cattle, distracted her; tramps who looked evilly at the unprotected girl made her hasten her pace. Most of all she feared that she might be too late, that she might be caught and detained by the way; the sham escort was no doubt already afoot; her father had not been at home the whole of the previous day, and the rendezvous was fixed for Blackheath Common at nine a.m.

The Blackheath clocks pointed to nine as she passed through the village and got upon the common. Half an hour more brought her into Charlton, the worst part of her journey, for she traversed the open heath, and might be at any time observed and intercepted. From Charlton across the common it was but a couple of miles to the great Artillery barracks, which she presently saw, red-fronted, a long row of imposing buildings facing her, the end of her journey. It was barely half-past ten when she reached the barrack gate, and almost breathlessly asked for the Commandant. The sergeant on duty, a smart horse artilleryman in skin-tight uniform, and wearing the Waterloo medal, looked at her with admiring, yet suspicious eyes, and spoke briefly and abruptly.

"What might your business be? 'Tain't so easy to see the Commandant."

"I have something to tell him, something most important. There is no time to lose."

"About yourself?"

"No; on the public service. You will be sorry if you do not take me to him at once."

"I'll send and say you're here. That's the best I can do. Here, you Jalland," he called to an orderly; "go and tell the Adjutant there's someone—what name did you say?"

"Verschoyle."

"There was an officer of that name in 'the regiment,' Lieutenant of Major Ross's Troop. I served with him in Number One gun detachment in the brush at El Boden. Fine officer, Mr. Verschoyle. Any relation?"

"He is my father," said Inez reluctantly, and blushing deeply. How would men, his old comrades, speak of him after this day's work, unless she could save him from himself?

"Beg your pardon, Miss Verschoyle," said the sergeant in an altered and most respectful voice, as he saluted formally. "Your father's daughter is not to be kept waiting outside the gate at Woolwich Barracks, leastwise I'm not the man to do it. Jalland, take the lady straight to the Adjutant. He'll be in the Orderly Room."

"Miss Verschoyle, I believe?" began the Adjutant civilly, when she was introduced. "Pray sit down. What can I do for you? I am very much at your service."

And now having reached her goal, courage suddenly failed her, she could frame no words of connected speech.

"Please—please—you must send—the treasure—the escort—at once," was all she could falter out.

Whereupon the Adjutant, with the true instinct of a gentleman, seeing her distress, got up and left the room. She would best recover herself alone.

When he returned he was accompanied by an older officer, grey haired and dignified, who held out his hand, and spoke so kindly and encouragingly that Inez kissed it, and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Well, but what is it?" went on the Colonel. "Something serious, of course. Your father? We all knew him, and liked him. Is he well? No? Is that your trouble? Tell us, my child. Perhaps we may be able to help you."

It was far more painful now; it was agony, indeed, to tell the shameful story to these two brother officers of her father's, these honourable and chivalrous gentlemen such as her father once was, but to which high estate he had now forfeited all claim. Still, she took heart from her despair, goaded onward by the nearness of the danger, the need for immediate action.

"I don't understand it, not one little bit," said the Colonel, when he had listened to the end. "Surely—"

He looked at his Adjutant, asking mutely whether there was not some screw loose, whether the poor child was quite responsible.

"You know, Sir," responded the Adjutant with a nod of assent, "the escort was not to go over to-day. It was countermanded. We had a letter from Cox and Co. this morning, saying their man could not start—the cash was not ready or something."

"That is part of their scheme. Can't you see?" cried Inez, springing to her feet and speaking with hysterical eagerness. "The sham escort is to take the place of the other—of yours from here—and the money is to be stolen from the post-chaise. You must send and prevent it. Turn out men, half a troop at least; let them gallop and overtake the robbers, let them—"

"Wait, my dear child," quietly protested the Colonel. "Do you know what this means for Verschoyle—for your father? He will be taken with the rest. He will be called the ringleader. The consequences will be very serious for him."

"Of course, I feared that. But I hoped that as it was I who told you, as the warning came through me, you

would spare my father. I meant to have stipulated for that before I spoke, but I was carried away. Now, surely you will remember. You will give me my reward. I deserve something—"

"It is not for us to judge the guilty parties, Miss Verschoyle; that is all I can say, and I am not ashamed to add that I hope your father may never be captured. But we must, of course, send in pursuit. See to it, Captain Challoner. Turn out the first men you can lay your hands on, some of the riding troop and an officer; go yourself, that will be best. Of course, we must recover the money. As for Verschoyle," he added significantly, "perhaps he may escape."

At that moment a knock came at the door, and a sergeant-major entered.

"The pay-clerk has arrived, Sir, and something odd appears to have happened on the road," he said hurriedly.

Outside in the barrack yard a crowd—many officers in undress, troopers in their stable-jackets, all the idlers off duty—surrounded a post-chaise which had just been driven in, its horses steaming and travel stained, the post-boy half tumbling from his saddle, his light blue jacket and white breeches spotted with gout of blood. Alongside, and appearing above the chaise, were two men, a sergeant and a trooper, in much bedraggled Horse Artillery uniforms; they were mounted on rather sorry nags, and both riders and horses bore traces of recent rough work.

The crowd opened a path for the Commandant, to whom the sergeant—it was Verschoyle—at once reported himself.

"We have brought you in the treasure, Colonel Torrens, but not without a scrimmage. The others showed some fight; all but that gallant fellow there who fell in on the right side. They were poor rogues, though, and I think I could have accounted for the lot alone and single-handed. The gentleman with the cash is inside, and another chap, Edridge, who will be safer perhaps in the barrack guard. We have secured him, but not before he had potted the post-boy."

It was thought best not to make the affair public. Edridge was allowed to leave the country, and the rights of the story were never exactly known. There were some doubts expressed of the bona-fides of Lieutenant Verschoyle, and some said that he should have given earlier information. Whether his conscience only awakened tardily, or whether he wished to let the conspiracy take its course so as to have the credit of interposing to rescue the money, was a matter of doubt. But his friends were willing to accept the result without too close inquiry into the antecedent facts; interest was made for Verschoyle, and he was given a command under Sir De Lacy Evans in the Spanish contingent. Later, he became British Consul at one of the principal ports in Spain.

Inez eventually married an Artillery officer, and had pleasant experiences of Woolwich than those of her first visit.

THE END.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been making inquiries into the question raised in this column a fortnight ago concerning the possibility of a patient recovering full consciousness and resuming the thread of his existence after having suffered for years from brain-concussion and from the presence of a piece of fractured bone pressing on the brain. It may be remembered that my attention was drawn to this interesting problem in physiology by the perusal of Mr. Frank Barrett's novel, "A Missing Witness." My objection to the validity of the supposition that recovery was possible after an interval of years' duration passed in the abnormal state above noted, was based on the ground that serious changes in the brain-structure would ensue as a result of the long-continued pressure. Since my annotations of a fortnight ago, I have received some interesting statements from medical friends engaged in active practice both in lunacy and in surgery, and the general impression conveyed by their information tallies with my own idea that cases of the kind figured in the novel must be exceedingly rare, if not altogether unprecedented. The case under the care of Mr. Cline, alluded to in my previous article, seems to be without a

Dr. W. W. Ireland, author of "The Blot on the Brain," tells me that he cannot recall any parallel case to that of Mr. Cline. He adds that it has been copied from book to book, and that he thinks it first came under his notice in an old treatise by Solly on the brain, a book full of curious cases. There are many instances, of course, of loss of memory and consciousness following brain-shock: but the especial point, that of full and instant recovery after a long period of altered personality, appears to lack proof entirely. Dr. Ireland subjoins one curious case of loss of memory, which he takes from an Austrian authority, Dr. A. Pick. The case he reported in the *Journal of Mental Science* for July 1889. The patient was admitted into a Vienna hospital for an ailment following on the birth of a child. She suffered from hallucinations, and exemplified also a loss of memory for special events in her life. She had completely forgotten the birth of her child, her marriage, and even the visits of the physician made on the previous day. She was intelligent enough, and answered questions. The memory slowly revived, and one event in her past life succeeded another in her recollection. After three months spent in this curious state she recovered.

Dr. Ireland adds that after the temporary loss of consciousness induced by chloroform administration, people will often take up the thread of ideas which were interrupted by the onset of insensibility. Dr. Joseph Bell reminds me that nowadays surgery is so prompt in dealing with cases that there is little chance of surgeons noting recovery of memory after a long lapse due to bone-pressure on the brain. Up to the present, then, my search for confirmation of the novelist's dramatic incident has not been successful. I have an idea that Sir Astley Cooper placed on record certain cases which afford a parallel to that of Mr. Cline. If any of my readers have access to "Cooper's Surgery," or allied works, they may perhaps oblige me by sending any extracts they may discover bearing on the interesting point at issue.

The occurrence of typhoid fever at Maidstone and in other places has raised the question of prevention with reference to the treatment of drinking-water. A correspondent asks if I know of any filter which can be trusted to remove disease-germs from water. The only filters which exercise such a purifying action are those constructed on the Pasteur-Chamberland type, in which the water is

parallel, if I may judge from the paucity of references and cases to which appeal can be made.

Dr. Clouston, of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, admits that many cases of depressed fracture of the skull, entailing "temporary losses of consciousness, with change of disposition or even actual insanity," have been cured by the operation of elevating the bone; but he knows of no such dramatic case as that of Mr. Cline's sailor, where, after a period of over one year, the patient, after operation, was enabled to resume his normal life. Dr. Campbell Clark, of the Lanark District Asylum, has no case to present exactly parallel with the case in Mr. Barrett's novel, but gives an interesting instance where a man was rendered unconscious by a fracture of his skull on the right side. After an operation, consciousness, but of an insane character, was restored. His life was of an irrelevant character, but his memory was restored about eight minutes after the accident in a slow and gradual fashion. His memory, however, is not so perfect as it was before the accident. Dr. Clark thinks that after any long interval of bone-pressure on the brain it would be impossible for the organ of mind to resume its functions in an unimpaired condition. The effect of pressure would be to interfere seriously with the brain's nutrition, and this last is a preeminent and most necessary condition for its perfect working. Besides, pressure of long-continued kind would induce serious and lasting changes in the brain-structure itself.

filtered, under pressure, through porcelain, or through some material capable of arresting microbes. These filters produce sterilised water, such as is used in laboratories when the need for an absolutely pure water is, of course, paramount. The ordinary householder who has to depend on well-water for a supply, for instance, should boil the water before use. This simple expedient is destructive of germ-life, and the advice applies with equal force to milk. Many filters in use are incapable of removing microbes from water, and the carelessness with which filters are treated renders them an additional source of danger. Water passed through a dirty filter is worse than water which has not been filtered at all. Especially should people be on their guard in the use of charcoal filters. In addition to being ineffective for the purpose of water-purification, charcoal filters are singularly liable to become quickly unclean. The charcoal absorbs deleterious matters with singular ease and rapidity, and demands frequent renewal, which in the majority of cases it seldom gets. Boiling the water and milk is a far more satisfactory process to householders than that of filtration.

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"We have brought you in the treasure, Colonel Torrens, but not without a scrimmage."

THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.

"It is expected that all persons do put themselves into mourning for ten days, to commence this day." Such was the order for general mourning issued by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal on Thursday last week, the day following the death of the Duchess of Teck. From the Lord Chamberlain's office the orders for mourning to the Court were issued with the usual detail: the ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments; and the gentlemen to don black Court dresses with black swords and buckles. Till Nov. 18, with certain shades of variety during the last week, this outward mark of respect to the memory of the dead Duchess is to last. At Berlin for ten days, at Vienna for six, the Court went into mourning. Meanwhile, amid grief and regret such as no more outside sign can measure or express, the body of the Duchess has been laid in its last resting-place. If local feeling had been followed, the people of Richmond would have let her dwell in their midst in death as in life, but the Queen decided in favour of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, and at once expressed the wish to pay a last tribute of affection by being personally present at the obsequies—a wish that had to be made subject to the veto of the doctors. A more than formal expression of her Majesty's affection for the Duchess had its place in the "Court Circular": "Her Majesty received with much sorrow the very unexpected news of the death of her beloved cousin, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, to whom the Queen was warmly attached. The Duchess was so universally beloved for her kindness and goodness to all that she will be most deeply mourned by the whole country." All over the land the testimony

has been the same. The charitable institutions of which she was patroness or president are counted by scores. In the direction of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, the Homœopathic Hospital, the Great Northern Central Hospital, the Governesses' Institution, the National

parish magazine he was starting, the Duchess said: "I cannot tell you how much I approve of your idea of starting a parish magazine; and if only our villagers will interest themselves in it, I feel it may be made a means of influencing for good, besides affording

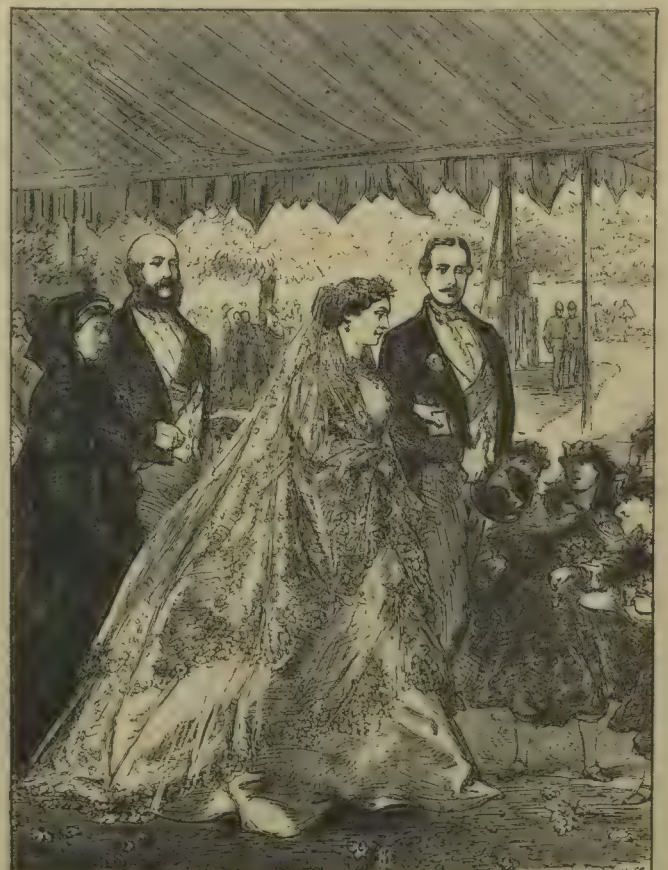
Orthopædic Hospital, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the National Orphan Home, the German Hospital, the East London Hospital for Children, and many other organisations, she was not a mere figurehead, but a very active influence. Sometimes, indeed, her interest was so great in the details of management, and her conviction so strong as to the right rule, that she became what casual observers might have called an autocrat. "If you don't do that, I resign," was a threat she had been known to use, and never without effect. The Princess's resignation would mean only one thing to the intelligent public: that there was a refusal on the part of an executive committee to carry out some salutary reform. One friend records how the Princess has stood for hours together in a room at White Lodge set apart for the display of thousands of garments for the poor, showing them to one set of visitors after another, in the hope of winning new recruits to the cause of charity. Splendid as she was at Court functions, she could be the simplest and homeliest of women on occasion; as when she would kneel down on wintry ground to adore some pretty child she met while on her walks; or when she sat in workhouse infirmaries, or the cottages of the poor and sick in the neighbourhood of Richmond; or when, in distributing prizes at London University to successful essayists, she found a particularly young prize-taker, and taking the brilliant boy in her arms, she kissed him. Writing some time ago to the Vicar of Kingston Vale about



THE LATE PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF TECK, AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.



PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE IN 1898.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE AND PRINCE TECK, IN 1898:
THE PROCESSION FROM KEW CHURCH.

them instruction and amusement. I shall be only too glad to assist you to the best of my ability in your undertaking, as an earnest of which I send you these lines, very favourite ones with my daughter, the Princess May, as well as myself, which I hope you will agree with us in thinking a rather appropriate opening for the first page of our magazine—

If each man in his measure

Would do a brother's part

To cast a ray of sunlight

Into a brother's heart,

How changed would be our country,

How changed would be our poor!

And then might Merry England

Deserve her name once more."

In 1891 was celebrated the silver wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. At a garden-party given at White Lodge on that happy occasion, a great crowd of well-wishers gathered together. There was a memorial service, too, at the old Kew parish church, where the marriage was. In answer to an address of congratulation read by the Vicar, the Duchess spoke of her happy youth and of her love for the place. The gifts made on that occasion were particularly treasured by her. They included a watch-bracelet from the Queen; a silver clock from the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, with an affectionate inscription; gold dessert-dishes from her brother (her senior by sixteen years) the Duke of Cambridge; a pearl necklace from various friends, who deputed Lady Salisbury to present it; and Edwin Long's portrait of Princess May, from the Rothschilds. Moreover, some forty thousand people took part in a Venetian fête at Richmond in



THE DUKE OF TECK AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

honour of the anniversary. Later in that same year the engagement of Princess May to the Duke of Clarence was announced, with a sequel which everybody knows. Not everyone, however, can imagine the grief and the anxiety which the Duchess of Teck endured all through that time of trial. Joy came to her at the last; and the birth of her grandson, Prince Edward of York, in 1894, gave her assurance that from her direct line would be sprung England's Kings to be.

That the beloved daughter of the Duchess happened to be staying at the White Lodge when her mother's sudden death took place was among the consolations of the sorrowful occasion. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and other members of the royal family hurried to the White Lodge with their condolences to the sorrowing husband and daughter. Of the Duchess's three sons, Prince George of Teck was early in the house of mourning. Two others, serving in the Queen's Army, had to hear at a distance the news of their bereavement. It was Prince George of Teck who registered the death of his mother at Mortlake.

The body of the Duchess was removed from the White Lodge to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Tuesday evening, to await, on a catafalque of Garter-blue drapery placed before the entrance to the Urswick Chapel, the obsequies of the following morning. The Dean of Windsor and the Bishop of Peterborough officiated, when, amid profound grief, the body was consigned to its last home in the vault beneath the Albert Memorial Chapel.



KEW CHURCH, WHERE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE WAS MARRIED IN 1896.

Photo H. Nelson King, Avenue Road.

LITERATURE.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.

Mr. Kipling, whose genius makes the short story stand out in modern English fiction, has his greater successes in the full-grown novel still to win. The *Light* was not the only thing which failed in his first attempt at a long story—his inimitable art seemed also to forsake him in his far flight. If *Captains Courageous* (Macmillan and Co.) is not yet the book, it is at any rate very near to being so, and it gives promise of greater things. Mr. Kipling's latest hero is a creature of circumstance. He falls overboard from an Atlantic liner. He is saved in all senses; for his rescue from death by drowning is followed by a stay of three months amid the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland, and his experiences there among the fishermen rescue him from becoming a demoralised city cad. Apart from the story, which is full of freshness and verve from first to last, there is a treatise on cod-fisheries which ought, one supposes, to rank as the serious and even technical handbook of that branch of human industry. It has even been said that the reader, for the first time in his life, is put on so close a personal intimacy with the cod that he can never again consent to eat him. That would be a cruel blow struck at the cod-fisheries, after all, so we may be happy in dismissing it as a highly remote one. All the slang of the business Mr. Kipling gives us, and along with it he has passages of tenderer quality than is common in his work. Very beautiful descriptions of nature, too, abound: "The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish, with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shales in the hollows." Again: "The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver." Even Mr. Napier Henry, the painter of the mackerel picture bought by the Chantrey Bequest this year, might find it hard to beat these bits of realism in colour.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Martin A. S. Hume. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Naval Administrators. By the late Sir John Henry Briggs. (Simpson Low.)
The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. By T. G. Jackson, R.A. (Clarendon Press.)
History of the United States, Past and Present. (H. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Industrial Art. By Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A. Fourth Edition. (Chapman and Hall.)
Journeys Through France. By H. Taine. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Another series is being added to the many intended for the numerous class of readers who have historical tastes, but neither the leisure nor the inclination to grapple with such many-volumed narratives as those of Mr. Froide and Mr. Gardiner. The new enterprise, the first fruits of which are presented in Major Hume's monograph on Sir Walter Raleigh, is to be known as "Builders of Greater Britain," and is undertaken opportunely at a time like the present, when the pride of empire was never stronger and more general among Englishmen. The foremost place in a series devoted to the "Builders of Greater Britain" is rightly given to Sir Walter Raleigh. It was he who first aroused in his countrymen the colonising spirit, to which is due much of the greatness of the English-speaking race. Still more, it was he who first, and ultimately at the cost of his life, laboured by act and word, strenuously and self-sacrificingly, to convince Englishmen that it was their interest and their duty to establish colonies in America and to defy the opposition of the then powerful Spanish monarchy, which claimed an exclusive possession of that enormous continent, and attempted to debar all but Spaniards from so much as setting foot on its vast unoccupied spaces. Raleigh, whose life Gibbon once meditated writing, has been the subject of many biographies. Among the more recent is the agreeable monograph of Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the series of "English Worthies," edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, which, it is to be regretted, came to a premature end. Later, in 1891, appeared the much more elaborate and very able work of Mr. William Stebbing. Since still another life of Raleigh was needed for this new series, its execution was appropriately entrusted to Major Hume. In his "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" and "A Year after the Armada," Major Hume showed an intimate knowledge of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," based on original research, the results of which he embodied in clear, animated, and interesting narratives. As the editor of the "Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth," he has been enabled to throw new light on James the First's disgraceful sacrifice of Raleigh to his infatuation for the Spanish alliance, which was detested by his subjects. In other respects, Major Hume has told, often picturesquely and always adequately, the story of the splendidly gifted and many-sided Raleigh, most versatile of all the Elizabethan men of action. His life was a true romance of reality from the time of the brilliant opening of his public career under Elizabeth to the tragical catastrophe which closed it under her unworthy successor. Without concealing Raleigh's defects of character and errors of conduct, Major Hume has done ample justice to the achievements and aspirations of perhaps the most interesting among the many remarkable Englishmen who have been the "Builders of Greater Britain." The new series promises to be one of exceptional interest.

The job of volumes on the reviewer's table is often unattractive, especially when the books do greatly multiply. Now and then, however, it yields a pleasant surprise, as in the case of the late Sir John Henry Briggs's "Naval Administrators," a goodly work which, at a first glance, seemed to promise much conscientious detail and the usual plodding reminiscences of a long official life. But a second glance convinced one that amid much commonplace and, perhaps, a tendency to twaddle, the late Reader to the Lords and Chief Clerk of the Admiralty had given us, if not a great book, at least a remarkable collection of racy anecdotes of the inner life of the Navy Board. The period embraced is from the administration of the Duke of Clarence, in 1827, to that of Lord George Hamilton in 1892. There are supplementary remarks on the naval programme of 1894-95. Sir John's "experience of sixty-five years" is written with easy geniality and much quiet humour. Useful facts abound, but these are always relieved by some personal anecdote which only a Dryadist would count superfluous. The maintenance of high naval efficiency as the only safeguard for Britain was Sir John's text; in fact, by a parody of Cato, we might say that his watchword was *Servanda est Britannia*. In the compilation of the volume, Lady Briggs acted as amanuensis and editor.

With the goodly quarto on an antiquarian subject (usually a church) we are familiar. Familiarity has, indeed, bred its usual offspring, coupled in many cases

Hannibal certainly deserved a place in a collection of biographies of great men so very comprehensive in its scope as "The Heroes of the Nations," a skillfully edited and ably executed series which, though the contributors to it are chiefly English, is due to the enterprise of an American publishing firm. In his work on "Great Commanders" Mr. William O'Connor Morris showed sufficient military knowledge and insight to avert the charge of presumption in undertaking to describe the campaigns of the Carthaginian, whom the First Napoleon ranked among the seven great generals of all time. Of modern masters of the art of war Napoleon, perhaps, bears the strongest resemblance to Hannibal. Mr. Morris pronounces Napoleon the more "dazzling" of the two; but surely no achievement of Napoleon's was so daring, not to say "dazzling," as Hannibal's long, successful invasion of Italy. As a man, Hannibal, Mr. Morris shows, was, in his purely unselfish patriotism, far superior to the Corsican, who sacrificed France to his personal ambition. Mr. Morris wields a style of really singular vigour and animation. He contrives in a surprising degree to excite, and from first to last to sustain, the reader's interest in the champion of a cause which failed, separated from us by two thousand years of time, and moving in an environment with which very few moderns are ever so slightly familiar. The express biography of Hannibal is preceded by a very lucid and instructive sketch of the military organisation both of the Romans and Carthaginians, and of the history of the two nations before the Punic Wars. Great as is his admiration for the Carthaginian hero, both as a military commander and a patriot, Mr. Morris recognises to the fullest extent the indomitable persistence of the Romans, who, with generals far inferior to Hannibal, never flinched from resisting the invader, even amid disasters such as the seemingly overwhelming defeat which they suffered at Cannæ.

The contributions of the distinguished President of the Royal Academy to the literature of Art have been few, and these lectures are the most important of them. He was led to deliver them by being appointed a good many years ago Slade Professor of Art at University College, and much of the volume, consisting of addresses to young art students, has mainly a professional and technical value. But even the "general reader" may be interested in Sir Edward Poynter's remarks on industrial and decorative art, and on the duty of the constructors of public works to pay some attention to the beautiful when it does not interfere with the useful. As regards industrial art, Sir Edward complains that the very perfection to which mechanical production has been brought is destructive of the charm of individual character which used to be imparted to the object through the skill of the workman. A considerable check, however, had been given, he admitted, to the deterioration of industrial and decorative art by the efforts and influence of the late William Morris, on whom a glowing eulogium was pronounced. As to the engineers, Sir Edward declared that they were responsible for the worst of the eyesores which disfigure our cities, such as hideous railway bridges intruded on spots favoured by picturesqueness of grouping or architectural beauty. All this, however, refers chiefly to the decade 1870-80, during which most of the lectures were delivered. It could have been wished that Sir Edward Poynter had given us in this fourth edition of his volume some indication either of progress or retrogression in the course of recent years. But in the preface to the first edition of 1879 he announced that after some experience in lecturing he came to the conclusion thus expressed: "The more time I devote to painting in future, and the less to public lecturing, the better it will be for my art and for those who are interested in it." Sir Edward seems to have since then acted on that conviction. Possibly this, as it is his first, is also his last contribution of the kind to art-literature—a reflection which may bestow an additional value on his interesting and instructive volume.

Taine was for a time employed by the French Government as an examiner of provincial youths who were candidates for admission to the great military school of St. Cyr. In the discharge of his duties he had to traverse a good deal of France. He wrote, as he went from place to place, hasty memoranda of his impressions during three years of such journeying, intending to work them up into a book like his "Notes on England." Circumstances prevented him from carrying out his intention, and his jottings, published as they were penned or pencilled, are now translated into English. Anything that Taine wrote could not fail to be more or less striking and suggestive, but that these notes possessed interest enough for English readers to be worth translating may be doubted. For one thing, they were written midway in the existence of the Second Empire, and the lapse of twenty years under a new political régime has rendered much in them obsolete. Taine had a keen eye for the beautiful and picturesque in nature, for art and architecture, and for the life and movement of cities, so that the volume contains several little gems of description and criticism. His view of the French as they then were is rather pessimistic, and did not encourage him to think hopefully of their future. "I find myself," he wrote, "coming back again and again to this idea: that France is a democracy of peasants and working men under a motherly administration, with a restricted town population which lives cheaply and grows rusty, and with needy officials who are on the look-out for promotion and never take rest."



Painted by Mr. E. J. Baker.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXX.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose new volume, "Captains Courageous," is reviewed in our columns to-day, was born in India thirty-three years ago, but received his education in England at the United Services College, Westward Ho. He returned to India to become Assistant Editor of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. Most of his early verses and stories made their first appearance in Indian journals, but his fame spread to Europe, and he was soon recognised as the chronicler-in-chief of latter-day Anglo-Indian life and the laureate of Tommy Atkins. His "Departmental Ditties" (1886), "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Life's Handicap," "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Jungle Book," and other volumes have since won him a unique reputation; and more recently his muse has sounded a deeper note, and placed him high among living poets.

with fear. But the feelings towards one of the latest of these quartets is all of kindness and welcome, for in "The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford," Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., has given us an illustrated account worthy of the subject. To all Oxford men St. Mary's is dear. There, in the undergraduates' gallery, one spends one's first Sunday at the University. You seldom go again, but no matter. I know a man, now eminent in letters, who acquired during that first Sunday a marvellous acquaintance with hymnology. The sermon was dull (it usually is) so he read "Hymns Ancient and Modern" to such purpose that he is to this day letter perfect in all the authors. So for memories like these St. Mary's is dear, and when the subject is treated not only by an able architect but by a sympathetic Oxonian, the result cannot lack charm. The opening chapters are picturesque, and bear favourable comparison, for life and flavour, with Mr. Lang's monograph on Oxford. Mr. Jackson was well advised when he thought that the detailed drawings of St. Mary's, made for the purpose of the recent repairs, possessed an interest wider than the actual occasion, and projected the present volume. To many who, like the present writer, watched the recent restoration of the University Church from start to finish, the work will yield a special attraction. Not often is it given to the specialist to make such pleasant reading.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Viliers.



THE SIRDAR'S HEADQUARTERS AT MERAWD.



NUBIAN WOMEN SCRAMBLING FOR BOTTLES.

"On our tedious journey up to the Camp at Merawa we amused the people who watched our progress from the banks of the Nile by throwing our empty bottles for the ladies to scramble for. The delight of the happy lady when one was captured whole—for many were broken in their rough transit—was simply refreshing to see. A glass bottle is to the Nubian woman what Navy buttons are to the fair sex of the Gold Coast—an article to be greatly valued."—F. V.

A LAND OF PROVERBS.

BY NORA HOPPER.

"My own land is Strawberry Land: the stranger's is Bilberry Land," says the pithy Finn proverb, and so one's own is always best. Yet even an Englishwoman must own that the strawberries in Strawberry Land are exquisite of flavour even to the palate of a foreigner from Bilberry Land. Great in proverbs as great in statues is Finland: "All roads lead to Abo" you will be told once or twice in the course of an hour's talk with a Finn, and the roads might lead to worse places, although there are too many bee-skeps in Abo neighbourhood to please nervous travellers. This is owing to the old time edict that enforced bee-keeping on every citizen on pain of flogging; but bees notwithstanding, Abo is worth a week's study. Here are quaint wooden houses and cobble pavements, and here in the twice-restored cathedral lies the body of a Queen of Sweden, on whose behalf was made one of the finest retorts mere man has ever achieved.

She was a peasant girl, and to her King Cophetua it

thirsts, and even the hard rye leaves are stored away in an original fashion, for these comestibles—whereof your peasant host eats three daily—are laid up in the rafters, a long pole being run through their middle hole, much as if they were beads on a needle dropped from the hand of some Broddingnag baby. The comforting colour red is much in Finnish favour: the toy-like wooden houses are stained a rich wine-red, and the fair-haired girls—do not forget the saying "Fair as a Finn"—love to set off their blonde comeliness by the help of red gowns. To these the elderly women, in their uniform black, form an effective contrast. Quaintness is the keynote of the country—quaintness crossed with kindness. The gayest of weddings may possibly have among its guests a "wedding weeper," and after the saddest funeral service, special thanks are offered up on behalf of the dead as one "whom God has wanted."

Into these same services dogs sometimes stray, uninvited, and walk out again unprovoked. At the Communion, the priest serves in a black velvet gown, richly worked with

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

There are a large number of racing men who believe that the horses leading at the Bushes in the Cesarewitch are the ones most likely to show prominently in the Cambridgeshire. This belief was confirmed in a startling manner this year, for the first two in the latter race were the leaders at the Bushes in the first-named event. Comfrey, the winner, is a colt by Despair, out of St. Frida, purchased for Sir William Ingram by William Stevens for £400, after the racing season of 1896. As a two-year-old, known as the St. Frida colt, he made his debut on the Turf at the Leicester Summer Meeting in a Selling Plate. He was made favourite, but, ridden by Allsopp, was unplaced. His next appearance was also in a selling race—a nursery at Alexandra Park, when he ran second to Little Red Rat, who at that time was very fast. His only success as a juvenile was gained when he for the third time carried silk. On that occasion there was no selling clause in the conditions of the race, and he was meeting animals of better class than before. Aided,



SIR WILLIAM INGRAM'S "COMFREY," WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES AT NEWMARKET.

pleased a neighbour king to send as a wedding gift a rich coat patched with the coarsest homespun. My lord the King, with pretty wit and still prettier courtesy, sent home the coat to the insolent giver, with the disfiguring patch sewn over with rare jewels. I hope the Queen loved him the better for the grace with which he turned insult into praise.

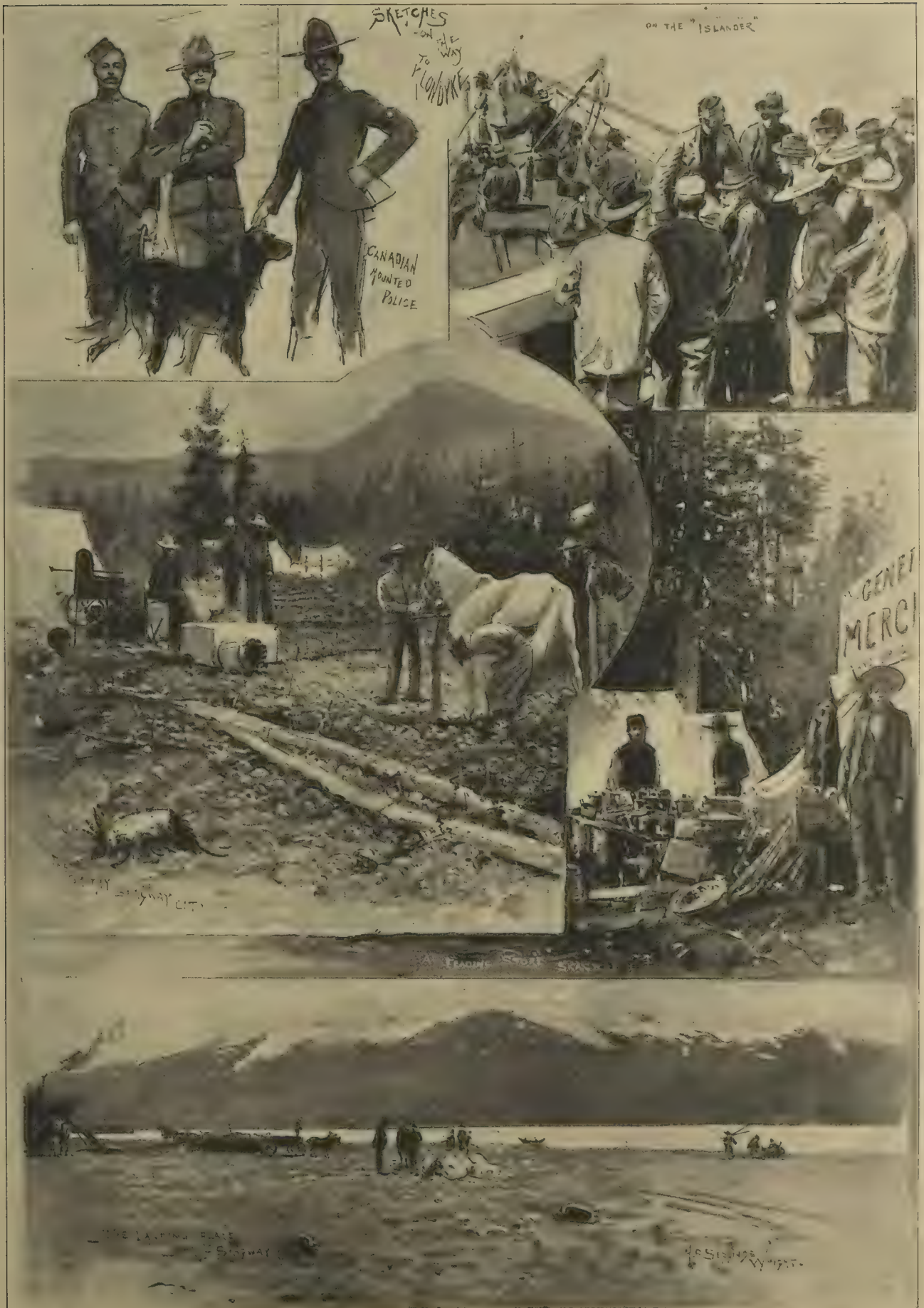
"Be a cow and you're well off; but a man or a horse has nothing to hope for." That is sad and cynical; but other bits of proverb-lore are shrewdly wise in their generation, even though they have a nip in them. Like the touch of the cold and cutting wind that spoils July in Finland. "A servant makes a fence, and it lasts for a year: a son, and it lasts for a lifetime." "Two is always best: two fish in the sea, two pairs of shoes under the table, and two stakes in the fence." And if the July wind be cold, why, there are flowers galore that take no heed of it, and the whole country runs riot with edible berries; and if there is a certain danger in the disused wolf-pits which are to be seen in the openings of the woods, and not always anticipated by the careless pedestrian, is not every bank blue with fair forget-me-nots? And if one rests in a forester's lodge, will not the floor certainly be strewn, medieval fashion, with sweet-smelling raspberry leaves? Oatmeal beer is refreshing to drink and new to most

silver, with an Eye embroidered on the breast. The service is simple, the singing very slow, and the curate's part is played by the chaplain. This land of lakes and strawberries has a sober and quiet people for its population, and nothing, except St. John's Day, disturbs the Finns from the even tenor of their way. Then bonfires are raised on small platforms affixed to lofty poles, and these flame all night long, for a sign and a wonder, and citizens and countrymen of credit and renown get deeply drunk in honour of St. John Baptist.

The honesty of the Finns is surpassing, and travellers in Strawberry Land need have no fear for the safety of their luggage if it should chance to be delayed in arrival. It is just as sure to be safe as the Finn winter is sure to be long. It is pretty sure to be late in arriving—but why not? Does not the proverb say: "God did not create Hurry"? And here is my last proverb to end with, the truest of all sayings: "Water from a birch-cup in thine own land is better than beer from a golden cup in the strange land."

The Lord Chief Justice of England is still something of an invalid; but he hopes to be himself again in a few days. One of Lord Russell's earliest engagements is to take the chair at Kensington Town Hall at Sir Squire Bancroft's reading from Dickens for the benefit of Nazareth House.

however, by the minimum impost, 6 st., he got well away and won from such a smart animal as Kilkerran. Before he was thrown up for the year, he again ran at Alexandra Park, where, with a 7-lb. penalty, he was unable to get into the first three in a nursery. This year Comfrey's record was a much more successful one, only three defeats falling to his share. The first of these was at Ascot, where he ran second to Count Schomberg for the Gold Vase; the second at Brighton, where he ran third to Eager and Sandia for the Cup; and the third in the Cesarewitch, in which the son of Despair proved that he was stoutly bred, for the pace in that race was good all the way through, and the severity of the course too well known to need mention. It was the Brighton Cup running that caused many to refrain from backing Comfrey for the Cambridgeshire; but the fact that Brighton is the easiest track in England, and that Eager is not a strong stayer, was overlooked. It was probably Comfrey's superior stamina that enabled him to turn the tables on Eager and Sandia at Newmarket. In the ordinary course of things he should go on improving, and it is on the cards that he will turn out a Cup horse of merit. Unlike his sire, he is as tractable as a lamb. He has a very fine carriage, and is an easy horse to ride. His future will certainly be followed with interest by all who are concerned in racing matters.



SCENES ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.
From Photographs.



THROUGH THE GREY MIST.

Drawn by Henry Stannard.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Of course, no one took the present Lord Tennyson *au grand sérieux* when, in connection with the peerage offered to his illustrious sire, he wrote that "the only difficulty in Gladstone's mind was that my father might insist on wearing a wideawake in the House of Lords." When I say no one, I exclude the few tiresome persons who insist upon dissecting a bit of *badinage*, like the lad who cut his drum to pieces to find out where the noise came from. One of those "too-inquiring" individuals wrote to the ex-Premier on the subject, and elicited the following reply, which our contemporary, the *Academy*, was permitted to print: "The wideawake is, I think, made to play a part more grave than history warrants. But I do not doubt there may have been some half-jesting reference to it. Costume is a matter not without importance, and has given trouble to Speakers of the House of Commons."

Mr. Gladstone might have added that costume is often productive of mistakes in the minds of members with regard to a fellow member who happens to be slovenly dressed or not in accordance with the fashion of the day. Sir Philip Warwick made that mistake on that memorable Nov. 9, 1840, when for the first time he took notice of Mr. Cromwell, and was surprised that this gentleman should be "very much harkened unto," seeing he had no gold lace to his coat nor frills to his hand; "and otherwise, to me in my poor featherhead, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman." In justice to Sir Philip's memory, I have italicised the few words by which he practically acknowledged his error. But because a rider once fell off his horse, not everyone who falls off his horse is therefore necessarily a rider; and unless we are mistaken, Mr. Keir Hardie, in spite of his cloth cap and pea-jacket, ought not to be too confident of such a rectification in the near or distant future; nor need the heirs and relations of the late M. Thivrier, the French counterpart of the sometime member for West Ham, count upon one.

Tennyson's wideawake would unquestionably have been forgiven him for the sake of the brain that was known to be under it, just as the threadbare appearance of Sir Charles Wetherell, a Tory member previously to the first Reform Bill, was overlooked for the sake of his humour and wit. I feel almost certain that Victor Hugo never wore the regulation high hat either as a member of Parliament during the Second Republic which ended with the *Coup d'Etat*, or during his senatorship under the Third Republic. Nor did M. Tolain, who had been a wood-engraver. M. Tony Révillon and M. Labuze, who was once an Under-secretary of State, wore grey sombreros. It does not matter much at the Palais Bourbon, for members sit bareheaded, and yet the hat plays a greater part in the Legislature on the banks of the Seine than in that on the banks of the Thames. When the President has failed to quell a disturbance by the ringing of his bell, he simply puts on his hat and leaves the House. His disappearance virtually breaks up the meeting.

Whatever the detractors of the Second Empire may say to the contrary, the Palais Bourbon never witnessed the scenes of disorder during Napoleon the Third's reign it has witnessed since. "The members were afraid," retort the detractors. They were not afraid, and proof that they were not lies in the fact that the Duc de Morny, when ordering his hats after he had become President, foresaw the possibility of his having to don his headgear all of a sudden. He wished to modify the shape of his stove-pipe, which hitherto had been "very jaunty," and consulted his hatter to that effect. "I know what your Excellency requires," replied the hatter; "you want a hat serious in the crown, but somewhat gay in the brim."

Morny was more fortunate than his successors in never having to don the somewhat-gay-in-the-brim covering, but it was invariably ready under his desk. The official residence of the President of the Chamber being always within the precincts of the Legislature, and custom having decreed that he shall wear evening dress, Morny's successors, proceeding bareheaded to the House, like himself, neglected until lately this precaution of providing for a stormy day; and this, in spite of the fact that on one occasion, at Versailles, M. Grévy's head positively disappeared in the stove-pipe of that eminent professor of dramatic literature, M. de Saint-Marc Girardin, who happened to be closest at hand when the usher rushed frantically into one of the lobbies in search of the regulation chimney-pot. Nowadays, every President at his accession to office has one of his own hats conveyed to a recess within his reach. There is not another to be seen in the French House, for, unlike English members, the French have no need to use it in order to retain their seats or to secure them; no matter what the importance of the expected debate may be. A Deputy chooses his seat at the beginning of the Session, inserts his card into the gilt frame provided for the purpose against the back of his desk, and he is safe from usurpation. There is no occasion for him to repair to the Chamber at six in the morning on the day of a possible critical juncture with one hat on his head and another in his hand, as was done a few years ago by a Member of our House of Commons.

This very maternal legislator did not even have the unearned reward of one of his predecessors during the second reading of the first Reform Bill. Mr. Ferguson went down one day during the adjourned debate at seven in the morning, in order to make sure that none of his honourable friends should pre-engage the seat which he had mentally selected. To his great surprise he found the discussion, in the midst of which he had left at midnight, still proceeding, and was just in time to vote. He thus got the credit from his country and from his constituents for having been in the House all night in the plenitude of his devotion to the cause of Reform.

Ready Nov. 22.

THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CONTENTS:

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Story by FLORA A. STEEL. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

THE SKY-ROCKET.

Story by SIR WALTER BESANT. Illustrated by R. SAUBER.

UNCLE JIM AND UNCLE BILLY.

Story by BRET HARTE. Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

TOTO.

A True Story by OUIDA. Illustrated by WAL PAGET.

A STORY OF THE TUILERIES.

By MAX PEMBERTON. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

THE JUDGE'S CROSS.

Story by GRANT ALLEN.

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ART NOTES.

The Society of Portrait Painters will scarcely strengthen their hold upon the public by the exhibition of the portraits of unknown personages by second-rate artists. At the exhibition now open at the Grafton Galleries one is made painfully alive to the fact that good hanging will not save indifferent pictures. The few loan-portraits by well-known masters stand out isolated from their neighbours, but as the majority of them have been already seen, and some quite recently, the interest of novelty is destroyed. One of the most attractive works in the first room is Mr. J. McNeill Whistler's portrait of "The Philosopher" (11), or a study in rose and brown, the date of which is not given, but belongs to a time when the artist's hand had acquired its marvellous cunning in expression by simplicity. Sir John Millais' Miss Siddall (20) is doubly interesting, both as a work painted as far back as 1854, when the artist was still in his early Pre-Raphaelite period, and as a portrait of a lady who figured in other noted pictures of the times, and was afterwards Mrs. Rossetti. It would be more difficult to assign a date to Mr. G. F. Watts' "Portrait Study" (34) of a fair-haired damsel, with blue sash and ribbons in her hair, but it shows the artist in an attractive form. Mr. W. Rothenstein's portrait of Miss Alice Kingsley (30), M. Emile Wauters's of Mr. Spielmann (31), and Mr. Lavery's of Dr. Lennox-Browne (35) are masterful works in their way, while Miss Halked's "The Tussore Hat" (40) and Mr. William Stott's "Child" (42) are full of character.

In the large gallery the most noteworthy are old acquaintances, such as Frank Holl's "Earl Spencer" (59) and "Lord Overstone" (129), Herkomer's "Madonna" (62), Millais' "Shelling Peas" (92), sadly faded, Lorimer's "Lord Playfair" (90), and a portrait by Herkomer of General Booth (69), which for force and grip is equal to anything done by that versatile artist. His clever portrait of Mr. Cecil Rhodes (105) looks weak beside that of the "General"; but many will find interest in comparing the two faces. M. Blanche's portrait of Miss Capel (130), in white, is delicately worked out; but the "Portrait of a Lady" (65), by M. Neveu du Mart, is perhaps the most prominent attempt in this line, representing the full-length figure of a lady with her arms extended, fixing the buckle of her cape, of which the white lining forms two wings to her slim body. It is a cleverly imagined idea, with a touch of Whistlerism in the treatment.

The Royal Society of British Artists seems to be reposing after the effort of two years ago to restore the waning fortunes of the institution. This year commonplace mediocrity is once more the predominant note of the exhibition, and the few exceptions only serve to emphasise the general tone. Sir Edward Burne-Jones's design for the mosaic in the Protestant Church of St. Paul's at Rome is apparently brought forward now to give importance to Sir Wyke Bayliss's "Interior of St. Peter's," which, one will readily allow, is one of the President's most successful works, although not so characteristic of his style as the studies at Amiens and Venice in the present exhibition. The richness of the colour of Sir E. Burne-Jones is one of its most striking qualities; but the allegory of Christ as the Tree of Life crowning the Hill of Life is an instance of finer symbolism than one usually meets in such works.

It is not given to all clever artists to paint allegories, as may be seen by Mr. P. Cayley Robinson's "Return of Spring," in which the suggestion of swallows given to the feminine forms beating against the walls of the building in which Summer is sleeping, is carried out with a realism which is rather angular than beautiful. Mr. Philip Newman's "Orpheus and Eurydice" is a more successful picture, but the artist seems by the saddened expression of the husband's face to have adopted a later rendering of the myth—

The flower thou hast revived were better dead
Than living sunless.

Hanging close by is another ambitious picture, Mr. E. Borough Johnson's "Eve's First View of Herself," in which Milton's suggestive lines have been treated with delicacy and true poetic feeling. Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Evening" is a fine expanse of deep-blue sea vaulted by a richly coloured sky, an idea already worked out rather frequently of late, but not always so effectively. Mr. Terriek Williams tries a different effect in his "Sunlit Sea," which is more original and not less clever, although both sea and sky are "dirty," but not in a nautical sense. Mr. Arthur Kyle, Mr. Montague Smyth, Mr. Francis Black, Mr. Inskip, and others contribute fresh and attractive bits of landscape work, all bearing the impress of careful outdoor study. Mr. J. Fitz Marshall's "Disputed Territory" seems to hold out the promise of another "cat and dog" artist; and Mr. Adam E. Proctor's "Three Generations" attempts a bolder line, giving in the foreground, darkened by unseen trees, a group of gypsies, while in the background the full sunlight falls upon the booths and tents and their motley visitors.

The discovery of a lost Raphael, even by so distinguished a writer as Signor de Amicis, will be received with chastened feelings even by the most enthusiastic. We have too often heard a similar announcement, only to find that the work, on further inspection, is a copy of a well-known masterpiece. Whether the "Madonna del Pozzo" was painted for Taddeo Taddei is a matter of pure conjecture, but it is pretty certain that during the short first visit which Raphael paid to Florence in 1504, he would have had little anxiety to complete a work for a patron whose good offices were only called into requisition during the young artist's stay in that city two or three years later. There is every probability that Raphael, who about 1504 was at Siena, busily engaged in making designs for Pinturicchio, came to Florence on a visit, and that he there may have painted more than one picture of which the subsequent fate is not known, but that the "Madonna del Pozzo" now supposed to be discovered, "belongs to that year we take liberty to doubt.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



OCCUPATION OF A HILL, SHAHAJ-TANGI, BY THE 35TH SIKHS.

FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR C. HERBERT POWELL.

The low hill with the terraced fields was seized by the 35th Sikhs, the Mamunds being driven off into the higher hills. A party of Ghazis charged down on the Sikhs who were carrying off the dead body of Lieutenant Hughes, and cut several of them down, and the body was for a time left on the ground. The Sikhs, under Colonel Bradshaw, firing layonets, now charged up the hill, and recovered the body of their officer in a gallant manner, which does the regiment the greatest credit.



THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE: OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION QUEEN'S ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Sketches by Lieutenant J. S. Bogle, Mohmand Field Force, and Lieutenant P. C. Elliott Lockhart, Malakand Field Force.



1. Village held by Brigadier-General Jeffrey, with four guns and some Sappers and Miners, on the night of Sept. 16, against the unceasing attack of the enemy.
2. The 2nd Brigade, Malakand Field Force, burning the village of Damadolah, in the Mohmand Valley.
 G Guides Corps.
 H 38th Dogras.
 I Bengal Mountain Battery Guns.
 J Sappers burning Village.
 K 35th Sikhs
3. The 2nd Brigade, Malakand Field Force, burning the village of Zagai, the property of Umra Khan.
 X The Enemy.

4. The hill on which the two Companies of the 35th Sikhs were cut off during the action at the head of Watelai Valley.
 M Guides.
 N Tower blown up by Sappers and Miners.
 O Enemy.
 P Bengal Mountain Battery Guns.
 Q Village captured by Buffs and Sikhs.
 Dotted line shows retreat of two Companies of Sikhs when cut off at the highest point.
5. View up the Nawagai Valley from Ghosan, the Camp of the 2nd Brigade, Malakand Field Force.
 A Nawagai Stream.
 B Forts.
 C Jandoul Stream.
 D Fort marking border-line between Nawagai and Jandoul.
 E Camp of the Buffs.

NATURE IN NOVEMBER.

November is the month of the veiling mists. Nature is damp, and dripping, and dreary, and there are ruts and pools in the muddy roads. If you look through the murkiness along the dull, green slopes portioned out into plots by long, black hedgerows, you will see the dark, bare woods lying on them like masses of shadow, or standing above them as silhouettes against a flat, grey sky. If you peer down between the tree-trunks into the dell which enchanted you in the summer-time, you will observe the gurgling current still dancing along to the river in the valley; but there is no life-breathing spirit there, it is all coldness and death, the fays have departed. Out over the river the raindrops fall, raising it into splashes; while the wind, sighing through the



THE NORTH MIDDLESEX FLYING CLUB SHOW: MR. C. MEDCALF'S BLUE HEN "DIAMOND,"

WHICH COVERED THE LONGEST DISTANCE EVER FLOWN INTO ENGLAND IN ONE DAY, VIZ., MARENNES TO NEW MILLS, LANCASHIRE, 527 MILES.

bended willows, catches the small ridges on the surface and sweeps them along in patches of shade till they are lost in the distance. Sometimes the outlook is so bad that one may truly say—

The heavy day hangs in a heaven of lead.

Occasionally, however, there is a spell of calm, mild weather in November.

At this time of the year every field teems with substances in various stages of decomposition, while every wood is also deeply covered with vegetable matter in a state of decay. The many fungi are flourishing upon all this debris. It is not generally understood that they are parasites. Lacking the granules of chlorophyll, which alone can detach carbon and combine it with sap, they have to obtain their food ready-formed from living or dead tissues. Each of their seeds or spores on germinating pushes forth a thin, thread-like tube, which grows and branches rapidly. Some of these spring up and fructify, the others penetrate anything they can reach in search of nutriment. They enter the slightest opening, and pass from cell to cell, piercing the walls and extracting from each what they require. In each case the life of the cell is destroyed, and death spreads slowly from it. They render good service when they prey upon dead organisms or putrid matter. The ramifications of the fungi are more widely spread than is imagined. The little umbrella appearances—as we have already indicated—are but the fructifications, the hyphae or threads are creeping all around them into bark and wood, layers of wet leaves, sticks and stems, and the humus of the soil.

By the end of the month the summer foliage will practically be gone. The sycamores and the horse-chestnuts have led the way in shedding their leaves, and the beeches will probably bring up the rear. The sparrows about the copse or avenue near the house, gathering into the last tree which preserves for them a shelter, make a clamour of expostulation against the inevitable when the leaves rain down after a fatal night-frost. So human!

The garden contains but the ruins of its summer glory—

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

On the banks under the hedges the dead-nettles, the campions, and the other relics of the autumn look very shaggy, while above them the yellow and crimson and brown thorn-leaves are beginning to curl and crumble. The hips have a richer scarlet, and the haws a deeper claret, while the withered stem of the briony may be seen occasionally clinging to some topmost bough, holding aloft its coral berries.

The absence of blossom serves to bring into greater prominence the less obtrusive objects which would otherwise be overlooked. Take the mosses, for instance. What exquisite beauties they unfold to those who examine them closely! Ruskin says, "No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough: How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traces of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost." It seems—

As if they sought to bless the homeless haunts,
And clothe the rock with beauty.

Some of the ferns are evergreen, and become more conspicuous, such as the glossy hart's-tongue, the maiden-hair spleenwort, and the familiar polypody. The sombre

yew is bejewelled with its bright red fruit. Berries are still on the nightshade, privet, butcher's-broom, and juniper, and the ivy is in bloom.

By the middle of November the birds have about finished their migrations. Wood-pigeons, larks, and lapwings gather in flocks. Bramblings and buntings come south, driven by the increasing severity. Under stress of weather sea-birds fly inland, marsh birds seek the moors, and moorland birds the valleys. Insects' eggs are abundant, and are eagerly sought for by the birds. The different kinds can be as easily distinguished by the naturalist as those of a larger birth.

An outlook should be kept for the November meteors. Walking out some evening, if the weather be clear, apparent stars may be seen shooting through the heavens. These are the meteoric bodies encountered by the earth as she moves along her orbit, aglow from friction with the terrestrial atmosphere.

The farmers put in the wheat they were unable to sow in October, and also the vetches they want to cut in February. They are also busy preparing their beeves, their geese, and their turkeys for the Christmas festivities.

Fox-hunting has begun. Reinecke, cut off from his castle, flies with the wind at a pace that commands the admiration of his pursuers. After him come the huntsmen in their scarlet coats and velvet caps, and the hounds with their hungry bay, followed by perhaps a hundred riders—the fair ones as plucky as their stronger companions. Halloo! Halloo! Away they fly after the musical sound till they pass out of sight behind some wood, round the spur of a hill, or into the dip of the country. The followers cut across the fields or drive along the roads to intercept them again at the succeeding cover, esteeming themselves well paid if they can catch them in full cry by the way.

Sometimes the keen frosts commence this month, and we arise in the morning to find the fields covered with rime, every shed-roof white, and all the little pools covered

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Master of Trinity's funeral sermon on the late Dean Vaughan at Llandaff Cathedral contained some interesting biographical matter. Dr. Butler said that at Harrow Dean Vaughan had a tendency to sarcasm, which he soon detected and conquered. No self-conquest was ever more rapid or more complete. Among Dean Vaughan's many books, Dr. Butler thinks that the "Memorials of Harrow Sundays" will always have a place of its own. The preacher thought that nature had meant Dr. Vaughan for an ambitious man. While a brilliant student and speaker at Cambridge, he looked forward confidently to the very highest honours of the Law. But along with this current of natural ambition there was another—a supernatural current of quite exceptional devoutness; and in the pathetic struggle carried on between these two sweeping currents of temperament are best to be seen the beauty of his life, the secret of his influence, and the key to some unexplained decisions at some critical moments. It seems that Dean Vaughan was very indignant at being requested by the Surveyor of Income Tax at Cardiff to make a return of his profits for training students for holy orders. Of course this work was done gratuitously; and in these young men the childless man found his children. They were the renewal of his Harrow youth, and the support and comfort of his old age.

In his farewell sermon at Canterbury, the new Bishop of Wakefield said he could understand the convinced Non-conformist's position. It was, at all events, logical; it was real and earnest indeed. He could understand the position of the attached communicant of a Church working for Christ in the discipline of his own society; but he could not understand the position of the normal Churchman. Referring to Dean Farrar, the Bishop said that his reminiscences of the deanery were those of a gracious and unbounded hospitality.

The administrators of the East London Church Fund are now feeling serious anxiety, there being at present a considerable deficiency in the subscriptions, which leads to a fear that the new departure by which something was given for assisting aged clergy to retire from the great strain of East-End work cannot be kept up.

The Bishop of Winchester has been complaining about lack of zeal in foreign missions. He says there is something puzzling and almost incomprehensible in the want of enthusiasm which the average Christian man or woman shows in the cause of foreign missions. Of this there are many explanations, but he thinks that the most certain as well as the most obvious is the lack of knowledge—knowledge of the gigantic progress accomplished by foreign missions.

The late Sir T. P. Heywood was the founder of Denstone College. He took special care of the Miles Platting church and people, and was interested in the matter of definite religious education.

A PIGEON SHOW.

At the Aquarium last week a very successful show of homer pigeons was held. It was the finest collection of long-distance birds ever grouped in this country, and was under the auspices of the North Middlesex Flying Club.

This club, along with many breeders, are trying to produce a bird which is above everything strong on the wing, with perfect homing instincts. In short, stamina, strain, and power are the three things sought, good looks and colour being at a discount. One of the birds shown, named Dr. Nansen, when twelve months old flew from Thurso to London, a distance of 500 miles, in twelve hours, and was this year third in a 168-mile race from York, first in a 298-mile race from Berwick, and sixth in a 400-mile race from Aberdeen to London. There were also shown seven birds which flew from the Shetlands to London, 600 miles—this being in front of last year's record by no fewer than 100 miles.



THE NORTH MIDDLESEX FLYING CLUB SHOW OF HOMING PIGEONS AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM: MR. EVANGELIST'S MEALY COCK, "DR. NANSEN,"

WINNER OF THE LONGEST DISTANCE RACE EVER FLOWN INTO LONDON, VIZ., LEERWICK (SHETLAND ISLES) TO TOTTENHAM, 630 MILES.

with thin ice. At other times we awaken and see the dismal sleet being driven obliquely cross the windows by the whistling wind, or the big, white, feathery flakes descending lazily to the earth through a silver-grey mist. In damp weather the nights come on wearily with fantastic forms of murky mists and exhalations. Then, by-and-by, as the atmosphere becomes more settled, distant lights appear through a thick ebony darkness.

Mr. Howden showed a hen that holds a record for her sex against all comers; and Mr. Medcalf's blue hen, Diomand, took first prize in the La Rochelle Club, and the ten-guinea cup presented by Mr. Sell, with a velocity of 1213 yards per minute. The Belgians have up till now been a long way in front in breeding homing pigeons, but Britishers are coming on fast, and will probably before long challenge for pre-eminence.



"IN CONFIDENCE."—BY A. A. NEVE.

A REVOLUTION IN PRINTING.

It is most likely that, however prodigious may be the future developments of practical science in coming days, the nineteenth century will be called the century of inventions. It is probably no exaggeration to say that in almost every practical aspect of life there has been as much progress made during the present century as during the whole previous history of the world. Whether there has been an increase of human happiness in a corresponding ratio is quite another question. One has only to think how completely steam and electricity are of this century to feel the truth of these remarks. In the art of printing, as far as one branch is concerned, progress has been as great as might have been expected. The year 1811 saw the birth of what is really the first printing-machine, the single cylinder of K  nig, and three years later Mr. John Walter, of the *Times*, with the aid of K  nig, applied steam to the machine. From that time the progress has been immense. Everybody knows nowadays something about the wonderful machines employed in newspaper offices, which print tens of thousands of the largest newspapers in an hour, and cut, fold, and count them, and, if necessary, paste in extra sheets. Yet to this day one half of the printing operation is done, as a rule, in a simple, hand-labour fashion, which shows little advance since the days of G  ttenberg or Lourens Janszoon, surnamed Coster, of Haarlem. Indeed, it is hardly extravagant to assert that, as far as type-setting is concerned, the present method in use in most printing offices is not much ahead of the method of the Chinese in the twelfth or thirteenth century.

Now, however, at what must seem almost a bound, the mode of type-setting has come to be on a level with the mode of printing, and we are just at the dawn of what will be a kind of revolution in the art of reproducing on paper the record of the thoughts and deeds of men. The machine that is destined to cause this revolution is called the Lanston Monotype Machine. The "Lanston" refers to the fact that its inventor is Mr. Tolbert Lanston, of Washington, U.S.A., statistician, whose name may be added to the long roll, of which the brightest names are Pascal, Leibnitz, and Babbage, of those who have invented calculating-machines. Unlike the unhappy Edward Babbage, Mr. Lanston has devoted his time not only to the calculating-machine but also to an invention which he has perfected, and is likely to prove a mine of wealth to him. The word "Monotype" refers, we presume, to the fact that the machine operates by producing one type at a time, and apparently is used in opposition to the term "Linotype," the name of another class of machine.

Before giving an account, necessarily untechnical, of the interesting, and one may even say beautiful, machine, it seems well to glance for a moment at the history of the efforts of setting type by machinery. For although there is astonishing merit of invention in the remarkable machine that is the outcome of Mr. Lanston's twelve years of costly labour, it would be idle to assume that he has not had some advantage from the struggles of those who have thrown away fortunes in the attempt to make a machine which shall replace the brains and fingers of the compositors. The nature of the problem, of course, is well known. It is simply to produce in types the letters of the words that are to be printed—that is to say, the metal types are to be arranged in such order in the printer's galley that they can be printed from, either immediately or by the employment of the process of stereotyping.

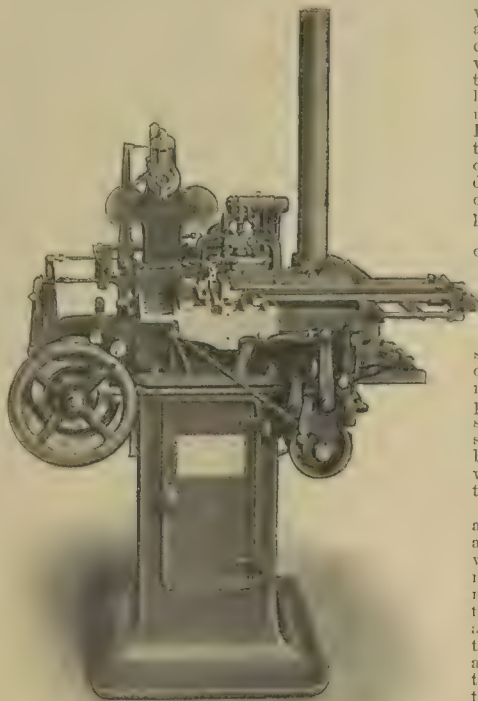
The first type-composing machine was that of Mr. W. Church, patented in 1822. The essential feature of this, and, indeed, of several more modern machines, is that the types are arranged in tubes or trays in the upper part of the machine: the operator, by depressing any key, releases a corresponding type, which through the force of gravity descends by a grooved plate to the composing-stick. This operation is repeated as quickly as the keys can be touched, and sufficient is set for a line, which is then spaced by hand so as to fill the line. In a machine by Mackie, of Warrington, one sees the germ of the Lanston idea, which, in truth, may be said to owe something to the central feature of the Jacquard loom: the first process is to punctuate a ribbon of paper, which is to run through a second machine, and sets the types in lines, the spacing or justification being subsequently done by hand.

Another class is the well-known Linotype or Mergenthaler, which to some extent adopts the true principle. It shows that the secret of true machine type-composing lies in the fact that the machine must not pick or choose type ready-made, but must mould new type and then set it. In this machine the moulds, by a key-board action, are brought into a line, and solid lines are cast. The obvious criticism upon this class of machine is that, a whole line being cast at a time, it is not possible to correct by the changing of single letters or words, and that the operator works at the casting-machine itself, suffering inconvenience from the heat and the noise. More serious than this is the criticism which may be expressed in the words of Professor Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia—

"The process of setting type by machinery, either from fonts or existing type, or by casting such type either in solid lines or separately, depends upon two operations. The first, that of the keyboard, requires skill and mental effort: the manipulation of the keys is at varying speeds,

depending upon the skill of the operator and the clearness of the copy to be set up. When the keyboard is attached to the casting-machine the operations of the latter are hampered by the irregularities of the manual work of the operator.

"The casting-machine may also hamper the operation



THE MONOTYPE COMPOSING AND CASTING MACHINE.

of the keyboard when the size of the type cast is to be considered as to the speed of cooling.

"With the two operations combined in one machine the keyboard operator must have a knowledge of the machine that casts, and be able to keep it in adjustment, or wait for the help of a skilled attendant. In separating the keyboard from the casting-machine, the brainwork part of the operation is taken away from a machine that does not call for an effort, and which will work better if run at a regular rate of speed. By such separation each machine can be placed at the best advantage and comfort of the operator. The

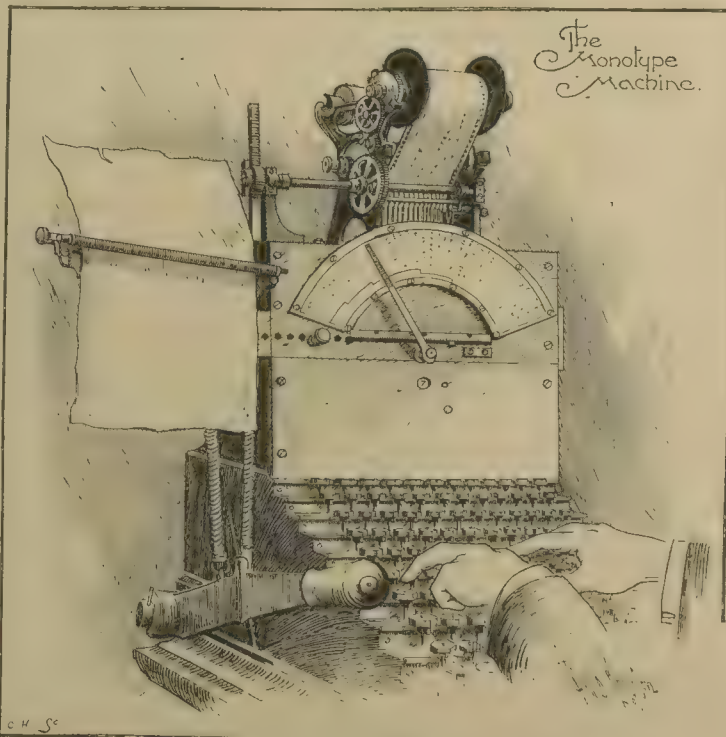
a perforated ribbon of paper, which is to actuate a type-casting machine; at the same time it has one enormous advantage over the Mackie machine in that the justification of the lines is automatic, and done almost instantaneously. Even the most casual reader in looking at a column of printed matter must notice that the spaces between the words in the different lines have to be varied—very little, no doubt, but still sufficiently to make the ends and beginnings of the line absolutely level; the words, of course, are of different length, and he will observe, too, that very few long words are divided and carried from one line to another. Now, the task of spacing the words so as to lengthen out this result, the task of justifying the line, is slow and troublesome when done by hand. In the Lanston machine, by an arrangement simple but difficult to describe, at the approach of the completion of each line on the ribbon the operator is informed automatically what degree of spacing will be necessary, and, by pressing one of several spacing-stops, he can in less than a second provide for the justification of the whole line.

Like the Linotype machine, the Lanston casts its own type, but in single letters, not in whole lines. The perforated ribbon is put into the second machine, and, working automatically by means of compressed air, brings the moulds, all of which are arranged on one plate, into contact with the molten metal. Consequently, at the amazing pace of about three per second, brand new types are moulded, pressed, hardened, cooled, and carried along in the order of the printed matter, or rather in exactly the opposite order to the printer's galley, where it is treated as if it had been set by hand in the ordinary way. It is a surprising sight, and very curious to watch the glistening, new-born letters gravely walk along, as if by their own volition, to take their places in the appointed order in the galley.

It will be seen, then, that the machine has many great advantages. The perforation of the ribbon can be done in a separate room; or, indeed, an author capable of type-writing, after a little practice, could produce his own ribbons and send them to the printing-office. The casting-machine is entirely automatic and only requires the attention of an ordinary engineer, so that one man can well attend to a dozen. The ribbons—subject, of course, to the legibility of the written matter—can be reproduced at the rate of about 15,000 "ens" in the hour. The type, owing to the time consumed in cooling, cannot be turned out so quickly, yet reaches the amazing rate of about 10,000 in the hour; consequently it may be said that while the rate of production of matter set up per hour cannot exceed 10,000 "ens" per casting-machine, by the employment of more casting-machines than ribbon-producing machines the actual type-setting can be done at the pace of about 15,000 "ens" in the hour, so that by employing a proper proportion the type can really be set at the rate of producing as much work per ribbon-setting machine as can be done by four and a half skilled compositors per hour. Obviously the gain in time, and therefore saving in labour and money, is enormous; moreover, the saving in space is considerable, seeing that a machine 3 ft. by 3 ft. 8 in. in size can set as much work as three men without requiring the space taken up by the fonts of type. It would be possible to point out many other advantages, such as that when several editions of a book are expected, the ribbons

can be kept instead of the ordinary stereotype plates; that the use of new type every time prevents the possibility of bad impressions due to worn-out type; and that the expensive type-distributing machines or the necessity of slow, laborious distribution by hand are rendered needless. It may be asked whether type produced in this fashion is of the first-class quality. The answer is satisfactory. Anyone who chooses to examine the types can see that they have taken a brilliant, sharp impression from the moulds; in fact, from every point of view it may be said that the type produced in this fashion is as good as that which comes from the foundry in the ordinary way. Indeed, so great is the quality of the type that it is possible that, instead of breaking up the type and remelting it, the proprietors of the Monotype machines will find it worth their while to sell the type, and will be able to find a very large sale for it. It is obvious that their competition in such a trade would, under the peculiar circumstances of production, be very formidable, seeing that the labour and also the cost of the machines would be fully covered by the printing work, and the type produced and sold might be regarded merely as a by-product costing absolutely no more than the value of the metal in it.

We do not pretend to give an exhaustive account of the advantages of this beautiful yet by no means complicated machine. It would be very difficult to anticipate the consequences of its employment. The difference in cost of printing, clearly, will be immense, the saving in time considerable, and the outcome greater profit to the printers and cheapness of printed matter. The thoughtful inquirer may not feel altogether happy at the idea of the great cheapening that will result in the production of books and newspapers. We are beginning to suffer from what might almost be called an epidemic of printed matter, and this epidemic will be intensified by the Lanston machine. Yet it would be unjust to blame a man who has invented one of the most wonderful machines of the century. The Monotype machine can be seen for the present at 96, Leadenhall Street.



KEYBOARD OF THE MONOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINE.

professional work equivalent to the type-setting is relegated to the composing-room away from the noise and heat of the purely mechanical operation of casting type."

The Lanston Monotype machine may be said to embody the two main ideas of the Mackie and the Linotype machines, and consequently it comes unscathed from the criticism of Professor Sellers. Like the Mackie invention, it consists of two machines, the first of them producing

quicker may not feel altogether happy at the idea of the great cheapening that will result in the production of books and newspapers. We are beginning to suffer from what might almost be called an epidemic of printed matter, and this epidemic will be intensified by the Lanston machine. Yet it would be unjust to blame a man who has invented one of the most wonderful machines of the century. The Monotype machine can be seen for the present at 96, Leadenhall Street.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Fashion proposes, but Fate disposes, of those many long-felt wants—which still grow longer—with the insufficiently allowed section of the sex. Though as to what particular sum would really represent adequacy with half the women one passes in a day's march it would indeed be difficult to say. I know one little matron who has just sent La



A FUR-TRIMMED FELISSE.

Perrière fifteen hundred francs for a pink velvet dinner-gown, and so used up a whole month's allowance at one fell blow; while another has committed the lesser enormity of a nine-guinea sable muff, but left herself equally moneyless for the same space of time. The former young woman is permitted by her "settlements" to dress in, or up to, seven hundred a year; the latter is rigorously fenced round by a mere ninety. Both are in the same set. Both yearn to be in the last spasm of fashion. Each systematically exceeds her due or overdue limits, and declares herself short of the necessities of luxury by about one half. So it would seem to be but a matter of comparison, after all, as to what sums we can or cannot really dress on. It is a conclusive matter of the moment, however, that, whatever else one may lack, a long velvet coat or mantle should represent one of the ornamental facts in every wardrobe. From the economical standpoint, it may represent a very certain outlay which cannot be escaped or substituted by a cheap representative; but it also plays the

combined parts of gown and cape very sufficiently while viewed from the ornamental aspect. No more impressive and becoming garment has shared our affections for years. Two of these redingotes come up for special mention, neither of which approaches, however, within measurable distance the high figures possible to velvet and sable in this connection. One which should transform any moderately tall brunette into a well-dressed mortal is of very dark claret-coloured velvet, with loose fronts pouched; jet-covered revers and collar, belt to match. Sleeves, collar, and fronts are all edged with marten-tail, the former made wide in the lately revived "bell" fashion, and a lining of dull green brocade with creamy-tinted foliage, sums up its final perfections. The second pelisse describes its own outlines in our Illustration. It is equally smart, but more adapted, perhaps, to the requirements of the carriageless, inasmuch as dark grey cloth takes the more perishable part of velvet. Mink, which has come much into modish evidence again, is the fur employed to edge collar, cuffs, and fronts. Chinchilla might be substituted, but brown and grey are in the bill this season, and go very well together. Bands of the now almost inevitable mohair braid appear on sleeves and front in varying lengths and graduated widths. A small fancy curled braid is employed between the first. The lace jabot tied in front is Limerick, and a little drapery of the same filmy fabric covers the cerise velvet brim of the lately revived "turban-shaped" hat, which is further set forth with a bushy black paradise plume. The silver belt which sets its seal on this costume has arabesque designs set in simulated ruby and pink coral. We find the other extreme of Fashion as she is worn in the little pouched jacket made altogether of fur, which is now very evident in Paris, and will obtain over here as the days grow colder. It appeals to our manifold requirements in its chic and warmth together, and can be worn by the more youthful part of femininity, for whom the redingote appears "too important."

One of these Poland jackets, as some furriers call them, has just been made for a Viennese great lady in broadtail, a fur in high favour abroad. The dress with which it will be worn is one of the new woollen materials made with black stripes, resembling braid, woven in the stuff, which form circles all around the skirt. The colour is dull powder blue, and the stripes about two inches apart. A band of broadtail edges the skirt. The sleeves are to match the skirt, made on a perfectly plain silk bodice, over which the moujik corsage is drawn. The revers, rather wide, are black velvet covered with thick Venetian guipure. The high collar is to match. Two little tabs of guipure-covered velvet hang under the black velvet waistband in front, so finishing a very well-considered frock, whose entire effect could scarcely be improved upon. Many women possess tight-fitting bodices of seal and astrachan, purchased last season or the one before, which are so near and yet so distractingly far from the extreme fashion. But fur being, fortunately, the most adaptive and adaptable of all coverings, these *démodé* Etons can be brought up to date by consigning them to a good furrier, who will arrange the rigorously imposed loose front and back by sacrificing the sleeves, which are not necessary to present methods, braided or embroidered sleeves of velvet or stuff to match the skirt being really more in the spirit of the moment.

People are prattling about the trained evening gown, which, though already familiar to Parisian interiors, has not so far been enthusiastically hailed on this side of the water. It is a fact, notwithstanding, that will accomplish itself by degrees, and I foresee tragedies in china and spindle-legged tables when these conflicting interests come in contact with dragging draperies. Meanwhile, a trained dress is the salvation of a diminutive figure, all the more if it inclines to the ample; and I have seen a little round woman look absolutely sylph-like in one of the new Princess gowns made up in rich black armure silk, trimmed with long pointed embroideries of open-worked jet, through which an appliqué of ivory brocade with tints of pink and green showed up. This embellishment showed again on the bodice about the décolletage, while the different colours in brocade were also repeated in soft ruffings of ivory, green, and pink mousseline-de-soie. I have no doubt that in dark-coloured velvets this style could be repeated with advantage. For the *jeune demoiselle* who, after all, best repays flights of the millinery afflatus, here is represented a frankly seductive little evening frock in palest, faintest blue satin, which is veiled after the approved manner of the present mode in cloudy mousseline-de-soie of the same tone. The softly folded front is of white chiffon, and at both sides are handsome appliqués of black Chantilly, which also repeat themselves on the skirt. Gloves of pale-coloured tan suede and shoes to match contribute their quota of contrast. A black osprey is worn in the hair.

The excitement of an "evening out" should be enhanced by the aids which fashion offers in the matter of ball-gowns this winter, which, with their three billowy skirts of mousseline or tulle, are more than ever becoming. One of the dresses to be worn at Mrs. Pellew Bradshaw's forthcoming ball at Powderham Castle is made in this way. One skirt of white glacé silk, with a double wide flounce from the knee, has an overdress of white mousseline, also flounced in the same way. Finally, the outside skirt, of white gauze, has a row of five little flounces, each threaded

through with white floss silk. The sash of white moiré, fringed and embroidered, is tied at the side. A little gown, this, calculated to make the prettiest débutante look prettier.

Somebody has written petitioning for "views" on the subject of a smart afternoon gown for receptions and so forth, and as the writer further adds that she is devoted to grey, I can think of no more attractive *ensemble* than that Mdlle. Lender exhibits to the Parisians every evening at present in her gown of pearl-grey face cloth and loose blouse of Irish guipure, tied at neck and waist with cherry-coloured miroir velvet. A tiny bolero of the cloth sparkles with steel paillettes. These also are worked into two bands, which go round the skirt at the knee, and a border of chinchilla edges its loosely hanging folds. As grey gowns go, this one spells perfection.

Through that doubly sad and unexpected event which has thrown the nation into mourning, the sombre stuffs of Courtlandt oust, however, all more fanciful fabrics from consideration at the moment. Black gowns, in many instances trimmed with the "crêpe of courtesy," were so universal as to be almost a uniform in the churches last Sunday. But not less universal than our sable garments is the deeply felt regret at the passing of a gracious and genial presence from the place that can ill afford to know her no more.

SYDIL.

NOTES.

Of all the charities that will miss the kind heart and clever organising mind of the late Princess Mary, the one which



AN EVENING-FROCK.

is now preparing for its annual gathering-up and redistribution, the Needlework Guild, will perhaps suffer the most. In this she took so keen a personal interest that she allowed the thousands of garments made in the home counties to be collected at White Lodge, and herself presided at the committee meeting arranging for their distribution; and what was more trying still, she would receive in person the stream of workers for the Guild who were invited to come to see the collection of garments, partly in order to stimulate their interest in the work and partly in order that they might state their own claims in the distribution. This "Guild" consists of many thousands of ladies who undertake to make, in their own homes and at their own leisure, one or more garments every year to give to the poor. The Duchess herself was constantly at work on some garment for the Guild, in addition to giving her services in the management. Knitting—"the elderly lady's fancy work," as it has been well called—was a favourite form of this charitable labour with the Duchess; and many a poor child or man has worn warm stockings made by her active and generous hands.

Visitors to the National Show at the Crystal Palace will have an opportunity of seeing the cycle invented by Mr. Mikael Pedersen, who is credited with having designed the machine of the future. Be this as it may, it is unquestionable that this new cycle bids fair to become widely popular as soon as it is placed on the market, which it will be in the course of a few weeks, as the Singer Cycle Company has a large order in hand, and other leading firms are likely to take out licenses for the manufacture of these novel and striking machines. The frame is constructed on the cantilever principle, consists of twenty-one perfect triangles, is made entirely of steel, and will take any sort of wheels, spindles, or chains; if necessary the machine can be arranged as a chainless cycle. A



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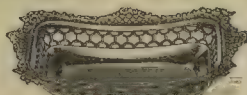
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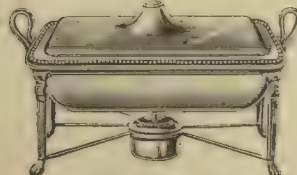
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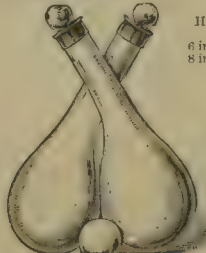


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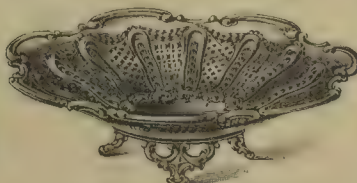
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Professor Collins, of King's College, London, has been delivering a series of lectures in Manchester on the Reformation. He declared that the English Church had never broken communion with the Roman Church; that there was nothing to prevent any Roman Catholic from making his communion at the Church of England altars. Professor Collins made light of conversions in England to the Roman Catholic Church. He said the net result of the Roman Catholic mission was nothing whatever.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 8779 received from Charginyan y.
Cuzuela (Miramir, Chile); of No. 2878 from Thomas E Laurin (Bombay),
Bruno Pereira (Bombay); of No. 2788 from I J Tarapurale (Bombay).
and Thoms E Laurent (Hombay); of No. 2791 from W H Pryce Jones
(Avalon), Shadforth, Emily F Frazer (Frustrum) (France); of No. 2790
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(Mallion), Edith Corne (Brigate), Captain J Challice (Great Yarmouth,
Surrey); of No. 2786 from D Newton (Taslon), II S Brandreth (Corfu), C M A B. Ches-
Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), and Emile Frau (Lyons).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 279: received from Bluet, C Permeig,
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Johnston, H. S. Turner, C. A. Leedes, Dr Walde (Heidelberg), T Roberts, J Bailey
(Newark), Captain Spencer, Edward J Sharpe, G Hughes (Portsmouth),
G Hawkins (Canterbury), G Harbach Berlin, W R B Clifton, Sorrento,
W H Pryce Jones (Avalon), A B Almonday, Mrs. J. H. Chester, Mrs Wilson
(Tyngmouth), J M Keen (Eulham), W A Barnard (Uppingham), Miss
D Gregson, George Richards (Dudley), and II Le Jeune.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

8. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	18.	P to K	R to K 5th
9. B takes P (ch)		19.	P takes P	Q to B 7th
		20.	P to R 3rd	Q to R 3rd
		21.	P to Q 5th	Q takes Q P
		22.	B takes P (ch)	Q takes Q
		23.	P takes K	Q takes Q P
		24.	P to B 3rd	P takes P
		25.	Q to B 5th	Q takes Q
		26.	P takes Q	and wins.

Black wins.

Last week in Sheffield the Duke of Norfolk's second year of office as Mayor was celebrated by a presentation of a large portrait of his Grace to the Town Hall, and of a smaller one - that exhibited in the Royal Academy last spring - to his sister, Lady Mary Howard. Both portraits are painted by Mr. Ernest Moore, and the small one was produced because his Grace found the proportions of the first too great for his modesty. The City Council, however, had its own way in the end, and there were two portraits to present last week instead of only one.

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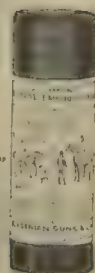


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 31, 1897) of the Right Hon. Samuel Charles, Baron Hindlip, of Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, Alsop-on-le-Dale, Derbyshire, and 33, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, who died on July 12, was proved on Oct. 22 by Gerald Dudley Smith, the Hon. Reginald William Coventry, and Thomas Rawle, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £432,149, and the net value to £213,354. The testator bequeaths £10,000, and his wine, liquors, and consumable household stores and provisions at Hill Street, to his wife, Georgiana Millicent, Lady Hindlip; his leasehold residence, 33, Hill Street, and the stables, with all the furniture, pictures, books, china, glass, plate, and other articles of household use and ornament, and carriages (but not horses), all his plate and plated articles at Hindlip Hall or elsewhere, and all his jewellery to his wife for life, and then to his son, the Hon. Charles Alsopp; £10,000, and all other his furniture, pictures, books, china, glass, household effects, carriages, horses (except racehorses, stallions, brood mares, and horses in training), carts, wagons, dogs, live and dead farming stock and effects to his son; £1000 to his cousin, Frederick James Drury; £200 to his secretary, Miss Victoria Benyon; £100 each to his executors; £50 per annum each to his trustees; £100 to his bailiff, David Whiting; and legacies to the indoor and outdoor servants at Hindlip, Alsop-on-le-Dale, and Hill Street who have been five years in his service at his decease. All his manors, messuages, lands, tenements and

hereditaments, being freehold of inheritance, he devises to the use that his wife shall receive the annual rent-charge of £4000, and subject thereto to the use of his said son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male, with divers remainders over. The residue of his real and personal estate is left, upon trusts, to go with his settled real estate, but impressed with a trust for the purchase of freehold hereditaments. The trustees are empowered to postpone the conversion so long as they shall think fit of any part of his residuary estate. The powers given to the trustees as to investments are those commonly used in similar cases.

The will (dated May 28, 1894), with a codicil (dated Dec. 20, 1896), of Mr. Millner Holt, of Gordon Villa, Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, and of the Marine Brewery, Ratcliff, E., who died on July 9, was proved on Oct. 26 by Alfred Holt, the brother, Thomas William Ratcliff, and Thomas Henry Vernon, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £51,290. The testator gives his household furniture, pictures, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Holt; £100 each to Alfred Holt and Thomas William Ratcliff, and his executors are to pay at their absolute discretion £300 per annum to his wife, and any sum not exceeding £500 per annum to her for the education and bringing up of his children. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for all his children, the shares of his sons to be double that of his daughters.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1891), with two codicils (dated Nov. 22, 1894, and Nov. 5, 1895), of the Rev. James

Alexander Fell, J.P., of Knells, Stanwix, Carlisle, and Lismore, Argyllshire, who died on July 25, has been proved in the Carlisle District Registry by Allan Heywood Fell and Basil Haig Fell, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £99,698. The testator bequeaths his furniture, pictures, plate, jewels, carriages and horses, and £22,000 to his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Fell, and an annuity of £100 to Miss Rosina Berry and Miss Elizabeth Berry, and the survivor of them. He settles Knells and his real property in Cumberland on his wife for life, and then to his children as she shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons and daughters, in equal shares; the portions of his daughters Mrs. Janet Elizabeth Ruxton and Mrs. Margaret Kentish to be held, upon trust, for them for life and then to their respective children.

The will (dated March 14, 1895) of Mr. John Passman Tate, of 32, Blessington Road, Lee, Kent, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Oct. 20 by Frederick Tate, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £44,656. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Vicar and churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Lee, upon trust, to apply the income thereof in keeping in repair the reredos of that church; £100 to the Universities Mission to Central Africa; £50 to the Clergy Distress Fund; £21 each to the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Sons of the Clergy Corporation, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, and the St. John's Foundation School, Leatherhead; £6000 Canadian Four per Cent. Stock and £1500 to his

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niece, Matilda Elizabeth Tate; £2000 each to his nephews, John and Frederick Tate; £2000 to Mrs. Alice Edith Tate; £1000 to Andrew Nash Tate; and many legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety thereof to his nephew, Frederick Tate, and the other moiety to Mrs. Alice Edith Tate, the wife of the said Frederick Tate.

The will (dated July 23, 1896) of Mrs. Rebecca Sutherland, widow, of 109, Eaton Place, who died on Sept. 15, has been proved by Sir William James Farrer, William Joseph Jarrott, and Henry Lefevre Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £34,079. The testatrix bequeaths £250 each and her ornamental china and articles of vertu to her daughters, Mrs. Sutherland Rebecca Vincent and Mrs. Adolphine Christian Bradford; £100 each to their husbands, Francis Arthur Vincent and Henry William Bradford; £100 each to her executors; £2000 each to her grandsons, William Adolphus Vincent and Frank Lloyd Vincent; £500 each to her granddaughters, Paulina Christian Vincent and Agnes Mary Vincent; and £100 each to her grandchildren, Mary Sutherland Bradford, Adolphine Bertha Bradford, and Captain Sutherland Bradford. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Vincent, for life, and then as she shall by deed appoint.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the settlement (dated Oct. 16, 1885) of the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, of 21, Chapel

Street, Belgrave Square, and the Athenaeum Club, who died on June 21, granted to the Hon. John Abercromby, the brother, and the Hon. Thomas Cochrane, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Oct. 20, the value of the personal estate being £31,303.

The will of Mr. John Fisher Crosthwaite, of Keswick, Cumberland, who died on June 2, has been proved in the Carlisle District Registry by Joseph Crosthwaite, the brother, Tom William Gately, and Birkett Fleming, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6151.

The will of Mr. Joseph Barlow, of West End Villa, Helmsford, Lancashire, cotton-spinner, who died on July 18, was proved on Oct. 23 by Mrs. Jane Barlow, the widow, William Lord and Arthur Edward Ashworth, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7217.

The will of Major-General Francis Edward Francis, of the United Service Club, Pall Mall, and 2, Cleveland Row, St. James's, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Oct. 21 by Arthur George Bohun Francis, the brother, and Arthur Willson Crosse, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £1659.

The will of General George Holroyd, Bengal Staff Corps, of Southernhay, Spring Grove, Isleworth, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Oct. 25 by the Rev. Henry Armstrong Hall, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3661.

MUSIC.

The Carl Rosa Opera season came to an end last Saturday with a very fair performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a brilliant one of "Pagliacci," in which Miss Jessie Macdonald took the part of Nedda with singular cleverness and prettiness. Mr. Brozel was an excellent Canio; he has learned to restrain the exaggeration from which he once suffered rather acutely, and in his later moderation of style he proves himself a truly capable dramatic singer and actor. The result was that the thing went with a vital swing from beginning to end which did great credit to all concerned in the matter. It was, in a word, an agreeable close to the season.

As to the merits of that season, as a whole, it is possible that there may be a variety of opinions; but that there has been considerable disappointment expressed in nearly every quarter of the Press is now an historical fact. There has been a universal feeling that the authorities of the company have shown considerable lack of enterprise in the choice of programmes; and, indeed, it cannot be denied that these selections have had something of an ancient twang about them. "La Bohème," with which the season began, was, one supposes, not stimulating enough to London audiences to justify its production very often. "The Meistersingers," which was given once, was dropped like a hot coal, and not without reason. "Tristan" was promised, and he came not. "Siegfried" was, as a matter of fact, advertised on the programme, but was never given;

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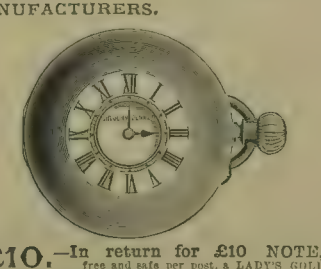
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and London was accordingly treated to a series of such amazing novelties as "Faust," "Romeo," "Carmen," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria," "Maritana," and "The Bohemian Girl." The question was naturally asked, Was it worth while for the company to undertake the enormous responsibility of a London season just to give performances which, for the most part, consisted of works as familiar as these?

On the other hand, there was an interesting novelty in the shape of Mr. MacCunn's and Lord Lorne's new opera, which was discussed pretty fully in our columns last week; and it is also true that we have had one or two capital performances of "Tannhäuser" and of "Lohengrin." In the more familiar opera, too, there has been a good deal of quite excellent work done, with the somewhat counterbalancing disadvantage, on the other hand, of some poor and amateurish performances on the part of one or two

members of the company. Miss Alice Esty has, perhaps, increased her quite interesting reputation by her work this year, and both Miss Elandi and Miss Bessie Macdonald have deserved all the praise they have received. Mr. Brozel has done yeoman service for the season, and Mr. Frank Wood, in minor parts, has throughout been most efficient and useful. How is it that one always thinks of Mdle. Bauermeister when it becomes necessary to describe the merits of Mr. Wood? On the whole, then, let these few words, without a more definite verdict, express such praise and blame as the Carl Rosa Company has deserved to receive after what must have been, at all events, for them an arduous and responsible task.

At the second of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts on Saturday last, Mr. Henry Wood played the famous sixth Symphony by Tchaikowsky. He dared to play it,

that is, and on the whole he was justified in his audacity. It would be unfair to compare him to Richter, whose two or three magnificent interpretations of the work in this country reached an apotheosis of brilliance and beauty the other day at Birmingham; but Mr. Wood played exceedingly well, particularly in the more barbaric and wild episodes of this tremendous musical expression of modernity. The third movement, for example, went splendidly, as also did portions of the dance movement. Not so well did he express the profound despair, the absolute of pessimism which enfold the last movement like a shroud wound about the dead. But the thing was well worth hearing nevertheless. At the same concert he played with rare delicacy the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and with the utmost power Tchaikowsky's savage, blaring, cruel, but immensely clever overture entitled "1812."

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Of course you know why. One has great vitality and the other has very little. And this vast difference is in a large measure only the amount and kind of food each is assimilating.

I often write that Scott's Emulsion prevents taking cold, but I must admit that this is perhaps misleading. The truth is, Scott's Emulsion gives the body resistive power, vitality, energy—call it what you please. It enriches the blood, promotes the making of healthy flesh, maintains the normal heat, and in these and many other ways makes the body its own protection against disease.

I would not advise carelessness, but there is less danger if Scott's Emulsion is taken. For Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil rendered palatable and ready for absorption, combined with Hypophosphites. Nobody disputes the value of this splendid combination, and anybody can take it. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil adapted to the most sensitive palate or delicate stomach.

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WOMEN WORKERS.

There was a very large attendance at the Conference at Croydon of "The National Union of Women Workers," notwithstanding the dullness and heaviness of the subjects discussed. Pauperism, criminal women, drunkenness, sick-nurses, insanity, and epilepsy were the topics of the first two days, with a general discourse on "The Pain of the World," for conclusion of the whole matter, on the third day! "The Educational Side of Co-operation" and "The Training of Elementary Teachers" were the only two subjects provided that did not directly fasten attention on sin, sickness, and sorrow—that gloomy trio that are all too present to the thoughtful mind in the nature of the case, but that are far from representing the normal life of female humanity. Of subjects touching the life and

interests of women in general—healthy, moral, wise, and capable women—there was no mention. Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Bishop of London, was the president of the Union for the year, and Mrs. Temple, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was the president of the local committee. A formal resolution was proposed and carried that the Union should agree to become the British "National Council of Women"; but if this be effected without a simultaneous widening in the scope and management of the whole business, it is a foregone conclusion that the "National Council" will be very far from a representative or powerful body. Mrs. Alfred Booth, the wife of a well-known Liverpool man, but by birth an American lady, was elected president for next year.

Of the dismal topics before the meetings, perhaps the most interesting was the prison-visiting, treated of by

Adeline Duchess of Bedford, who is, together with Lady Battersea, visitor to the "long-sentence" prison for women at Aylesbury. The Duchess explained that many of the prisoners were middle-aged women undergoing such long terms of imprisonment that practically they were there for life; and she owned that it might seem to many to be a useless work to visit and deal with these, to whom a better life in freedom was impossible; but she observed that this view left out of sight the belief that this world is not everything, and that the peace of the soul with God is of importance to the individual. The Duchess admitted that the most important point in connection with prison-visiting was affording help to prisoners on their discharge, and for this funds were wanting; all that had been done so far had been supplied by the visitors themselves, and if for any reason they should cease to help, the work would fail.

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